

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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VISIT OF MAJOR TAYLOR OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

We illustrate, in our present number, an incident which considerably agitated the public mind, and from which, even now, it has scarcely recovered its surprise. On the 8th of July the pickets of the Eighth New York Regiment, Colonel Lyons, observed a small party of Confederate soldiers approach with a flag of truce. This proved to be from Manassas Junction, and protected Major Taylor, of New Orleans, who bore letters from Jefferson Davis and Beauregard to President Lincoln and General Scott. Colonel Lyons telegraphed to Washington, and in reply received orders to send the despatches to Washington. A counsel was held, when the despatches from these eminent rebels were read, but their nature has not transpired. It is sufficient to say that no answer was given, and Major Taylor was conducted to the rebel lines in the manner portrayed by our Artist. From the *Richmond Guardian* we learn that the letter from Jeff. Davis to Lincoln was on the subject of privateering, while that of Beauregard to General Scott related to an exchange of prisoners. Whatever the subject of these epistles might have been, the expedition was fruitless in all respects. We pay no heed to the surmise of some persons that it was a weak in-

vention of the enemy to gather information. There are too many traitors in office in Washington to render such a clumsy expedient necessary on the part of the one-eyed Confederacy.

THE BATTLE AT RICH MOUNTAIN, WESTERN VIRGINIA.

On the morning of the 12th of July, General McClellan ordered four regiments—the Eighth, Tenth and the Thirteenth Indiana Volunteers, and the Nineteenth Ohio Volunteers—to proceed along the line of the hills, south-east of the enemy's entrenched camp, to the Beverly road, where it crosses Rich Mountain, two miles east of the enemy's position, with orders to advance along the Beverly road, and attack the east side of the works, General McClellan being prepared to assault the west side as soon as firing should announce the commencement of the attack. The capture of a courier, who mistook the road through the enemy's camp for the route of our troops, placed the enemy in possession of the movement. When General Rosecrans reached the Beverly road, at two o'clock, after a most exhausting march over the mountains, he found the enemy posted at the opposite side of the road, about eight hundred strong, with two cannons, and holding a strong position, partially fortified.

An engagement instantly took place, and continued for three-quarters of an hour, when the rebels were totally routed, with the loss of three hundred men, including officers and both cannon. About seventy-five of the rebels were killed; seventy-five of their wounded are in our hands, and one hundred and fifty others as prisoners.

The road was between two hills. Our troops descending a steep declivity were greatly exposed to the fire of the rebels, who occupied the opposite hill, and poured musketry, shot and shell upon them. General Rosecrans' column remained at the place of the engagement during the night.

General McClellan was in position with his whole force during the whole afternoon, ready to make the assault, but heard nothing from the other column except this distant firing. Early in the morning he was proceeding to plant cannon upon an eminence commanding a portion of the rebel camp, and preparing to attack the whole next in front, when it was ascertained that the enemy had evacuated the place during the night, moving towards Laurel Hill, leaving behind a few of their sick men, all their tents, cannon, camp equipage and transportation. A rapid march was then made by General McClellan to Beverly, passing Rosecrans' command on the road, with instructions to follow quickly. At Beverly it was ascertained, late



ESCORTING MAJOR TAYLOR, OF NEW ORLEANS, THE BEARER OF A FLAG OF TRUCE COVERING LETTERS FROM JEFF DAVIS AND BEAUREGARD TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND GEN. SCOTT, ENROUTE TO THE REBEL LINES, AFTER HIS UNSUCCESSFUL MISSION.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL McDOWELL'S COMMAND.

in the day that the rebel forces at Laurel Hill had retreated, moving towards Romney.
Our total loss is not more than eleven killed and thirty wounded.

Barnum's American Museum

CONTINUES to offer brilliant attractions, as PROF. ANDERSON, JR., the Great Wizard of the World, the Albino Sisters, the Lion, Great Bear Samson, Grand Aquaria, and untold numbers of other attractive novelties. Admission to all, 25 cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, JULY 20, 1861.

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THIRTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.

EXTRA SESSION.

Senate, July 10.—After some unimportant business, the resolution to approve certain acts of the President was taken up; Mr. King offered to amend so as to reduce the standing army in six months after the re-establishment of the authority of the United States. Mr. Latham saw no reason for the increase of the regular army or suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, but was willing to approve past acts of the President. Mr. Hale also wished to reduce the navy after the war, and was for making war on the harpies who in the guise of friends were sipping from the Government. Mr. Kennedy protested against the suspension of the habeas corpus writ by the President; he was opposed to coercion, and to a violation of the Constitution in the effort to sustain it. Mr. Lane, of Indiana, declared he would sanction no peace until the death by the halberd of the leaders of the rebellion. Mr. Baker was for war. The amendment was amended so as not to permanently increase army or navy. Agreed to. Mr. Polk opposed the resolution, and in a speech of much length and ability argued that the President had assumed unconstitutional powers. The resolution was then postponed. The amended bill authorizing the President to call for 500,000 volunteers, appropriating \$500,000,000, and granting franking privilege to military officers, was taken up, and after various amendments passed by 35 to 5. The Senators who voted against the bill were Polk, Salisbury, Powell, Johnson, of Missouri, and Kennedy.

JULY 11.—After some preliminary business, the House resumed the grave discussion of affairs. The bill for the payment of the militia and volunteers was passed without discussion. Then Mr. Clarke's motion to expel the members for seceding States was also carried. Mr. Polk and Mr. Powell made strong peace speeches, and Mr. Breckinridge obtained the floor.

JULY 12.—The Force Bill, after considerable discussion, was passed, by 35 yeas to 6 nays. The previous vote on the bill authorizing the employment of volunteers was reconsidered, some amendments made, and the bill again passed—yeas 35, nays 6. A bill was introduced relative to the Sanitary Commission, and referred to the Military Committee. Notice was given of a bill to be introduced authorizing the Federal Government to take possession of personal property in the rebellious States where the owners have been found in rebellion. Mr. Saulsbury, of Delaware, offered his previously noticed resolution for an amendment to the Constitution, with a view to putting a stop to the present war. It is in substance the Crittenden compromise of the last Congress.

On the presentation of the credentials of Mr. Frederic P. Stanton, appointed by the Governor of Kansas to fill a supposed vacancy from that State, understood to be caused by the appointment of Senator James Lane to a command in the regular army, Mr. Lane demurred to being ousted from his Senatorial functions before his military nomination had been confirmed, and the matter was referred to the Judiciary Committee.

Various bills received consideration, all having in view the strengthening of the administrative arm of Government.

JULY 13.—Mr. Hale introduced his bill providing for the appointment of an Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and it was referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs. The Postmaster-General sent in a communication, in accordance with the request of Congress, explaining the circumstances attending the suspension of the mails in the rebellious States. The credentials of the Senators elect from Virginia, in place of Messrs. Hunter and Mason—John S. Carlile and William B. Willey—were presented by Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, and a long debate occurred as to the propriety of their admission, which was participated in by Messrs. Bayard and Saulsbury, of Delaware; Johnson, of Tennessee; Trumbull, of Illinois, and others, the objections to their admission being constitutional. A motion to refer the Committee on Elections was finally negatived, 35 to 6, and the new Senators were sworn in. The Loan Bill was then taken up, and several amendments suggested by the Committee on Finance were adopted, after which it was laid over temporarily and the bill to increase the present military establishment was taken up and passed.

House, July 10.—A very excited and remarkable debate arose respecting the Dutton Bill. Mr. Barnett, of Kentucky, protested against the war, while Mr. Mallory, of Kentucky, said the people of Kentucky were overwhelmingly in favor of putting down the rebellion. Mr. Vallandigham made a very fierce attack upon the President, saying that in Europe such tyranny as his would have cost him his head. The bill was carried by 135 to 10. The Loan Bill was afterwards brought forward and passed, by 149 to 6. The five malcontents being Benjamin Wood, Burnett, Reid, Norton and Vallandigham. Congress has thus authorized the raising of 500,000 men and \$500,000,000.

JULY 11.—The bill appropriating \$160,000,000 for the army and \$30,000,000 for the navy was passed. Messrs. Barnett and Hickman had a spirited passage of arms on the present question, and then Mr. Jackson, of Kentucky, spoke eloquently in favor of the Union.

JULY 12.—The bill came up authorizing the President to accept the services of 500,000 volunteers for the prosecution of the war, and appropriating \$500,000,000 to pay for the same, when a spirited discussion took place, participated in by various members. The bill finally passed the House. It has yet to pass the Senate. Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, offered a preamble and resolution, declaring vacant the seats of such members as have accepted commands in the militia of their several States, which occasioned a lively passage of words between various Representatives, when the matter was tabled by 92 to 51. A resolution was adopted requesting the Attorney-General to lay before the House a copy of his opinion in relation to the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus.

JULY 13.—Mr. Blair, of Missouri, offered a resolution expelling John B. Clark, a member from that State, for having borne arms against the Government. Those among the members of known secession proclivities did their best to save Clark from his impending fate, by endeavoring to have the matter referred to the Committee on Elections, but their efforts were of no avail. He was expelled by a vote of 94 to 45. The President notified the House that he had approved the bill for the payment of the militia and volunteers. The opinion of the Attorney-General on portions of the President's Message, including that relating to the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, was received and referred to the Judiciary Committee. A resolution was adopted providing for the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the possibility of reducing the expenditures of the Government. The bill providing for the retirement of disabled army officers was debated in Committee of the Whole and passed; also the bill to pay soldiers for private property lost in the removal from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumpter.

Foreign News.

The European news is of little importance. The tone of the British press is becoming more friendly to the United States, its good sense having recovered from the irritation produced by the articles in certain secession papers in this

city, which recommend the North to rob England of Canada, to reimburse it for loss of the South. The extreme ignorance of such advice is patent to all who know anything of Canada, where the Americans are heartily detested. The course pursued by certain New York papers was of course made by order of Jeff. Davis, with the intention of making a breach between England and the North. The letters from the London Times (Russell), exposing the outrages upon British subjects in New Orleans, have had great effect, and will make the residence of the three Rebel Commissioners precarious. They should remember how the mob of London treated Haynau, and if Mr. Train thought it worth while, he might rouse a feeling against Mann, Yancey and Root of a very dangerous kind. There is nothing new in domestic or foreign politics. The English papers criticize our dead Douglas in a very hostile spirit, pronouncing him to be a corrupt demagogue, and not a patriot, nor a statesman, holding up as a brilliant contrast the Italian Cavour.

France is quiet. The fair Empress is about making another pilgrimage to England. The recognition of Italy by Louis Napoleon has given great satisfaction to the people of France, but as much displeasure to the clergy and Ultramontane party.

Hungary is still unquiet. The Emperor of Austria is rapidly sinking, and as a last resort she is going to try the climate of Corfu.

Riccioli, the successor of Cavour, has made a liberal speech, tempered with moderation.

The new Sultan of Turkey has announced his intention of pursuing the same policy as that of his brother, the deceased monarch.

The serfs of Rumania are discontented, not having realized any benefit from their freedom, while Poland is more than ever discontented, despite the semi-liberal measures of the Czar. The rumor of the latter visiting Louis Napoleon at the Camp of Chalons is renewed.

The French troops have left Syria, but a French fleet is cruising off the coast in case of emergencies.

Mexico.—Murders and assassinations abound. On Sunday, June 1, Senor Don Melchor Ocampo, one of the most prominent men in the Republic and ex-Cabinet Minister, was humanely butchered on his plantation, at Poconma, where he has been living in retirement, by the followers of Marquez and Zuloaga, though the latter denies having had anything to do with the affair, and pretended to be very much affected when he heard of it. Another personage of distinction, and especially well known, General Don Santos Degollado, ex-Commander-in-Chief of the Liberal army, was killed a few days after by the same party—in fair fight, however. He had gone to avenge the death of his friend Ocampo.

State of the Nation.

Congress is working earnestly, and the results, which will be found under the Congressional head, are, so far, satisfactory. The Secession element therein raises its voice but weakly, and its efforts are sternly rebuked by overwhelming majorities.

An important order has been issued by General Scott, which places the Telegraph, as far as relates to war movements, under the surveillance of the Department, so that in future the "telegrams" will be in all respects reliable if meagre. Special Correspondents for newspapers in the various camps are looked upon with suspicion by the military authorities, and some few have been arrested. The reason is self-evident. Being in the very midst of military operations, it is hardly possible but some indication of projected movements will be revealed to their argus eyes, and, once upon the scent, not an instant is lost before it is communicated to their respective journals, and in these blazoned to the world, without a moment's reflection as to the propriety of its publication. It is well that such an impolitic system should be stopped.

There are several papers in our midst who indulge every day in insane attacks upon the Government, and more especially upon the War Department, blaming it for want of energy in not advancing long ago upon the enemy. According to their profound knowledge of military tactics, the thing could have been done off-hand several weeks ago, the rebels driven from Virginia, and Richmond in possession of the Federal troops. These writers have become the laughing stock of the country by their presumptuous bombast and their visible ignorance. Impatient for the spoils, they would precipitate the action of the Government and risk all with combinations only half consummated and forces insufficient and incomplete. The wisdom of the wise is not their wisdom, and fortunately for the Union cause their counsel does not prevail. To those who can trace, however faintly, the outline of the plan of the Commander-in-Chief, it appears grand, comprehensive and effectual, not only in its offensive but in its defensive operations. Combinations so vast, with ramifications extending over hundreds of miles, and their strategic operations to be carried out by armies yet to be raised and prepared, might well demand time; and the consummate tact and judgment which met the necessity of keeping the enemy in check until these concerted movements could take effect, and the separate columns move onward, like the march of destiny, to surround and overwhelm the traitorous hosts assembled to work the ruin of the Union, should assure all doubters of the master mind in command.

Congress has acted decisively in reference to the new government of Virginia. The two Senators, Messrs. Wiley and Carlisle, were duly qualified and admitted to their seats, while the Secessionists, Messrs. Hunter and Mason, were expelled. This action will give comfort and strength to the true men in Western Virginia.

Baltimore is for the present quiet; the turbulent spirits of that city have been overawed by the firm stand and the prompt exhibition of power made by Major-General Banks; but it cannot be denied that a widespread feeling of sympathy with the Secessionists exists there, which would assuredly burst forth were the governmental power in weaker hands.

The Secessionists are ingenious in their desperation, and lose no opportunity that craft and cunning can suggest of destroying those opposed to them. Being unable to cope with our flotilla on the Potomac, they have attempted its destruction by infernal machines. Captain Budd, of the steamer Resolute, discovered two large casks, joined together by a rope, suspiciously floating towards his vessel. Steps were immediately taken to secure them, but one sank before this could be accomplished. On examining the barrel secured, it was found to be an ingeniously contrived infernal machine. The rope was designed to catch the prow of the vessel, and thus swing the casks under the bilge of the vessel. The rope was floated on the surface of the water by corks. Six feet under water, beneath each cask, was hung a strongly riveted cylinder of heavy boiler iron. These contained the explosive material. The cylinders were supported by the casks, in which were placed the fuses, which were ignited. There were two fuses in each cask. They led from a hole in the upper side of the cask, and were coiled upon a platform fixed about midway inside the vessel, to protect them from any water that might leak into it. From this platform the fuses were carried through a copper pipe passing through the lower part of the cask, and connecting with a gutta serena pipe, the lower end of which was inserted in the cylinder.

A brilliantly contested action took place between the Federal forces, under General Sigel, and the Missouri State troops, under the command of Generals Parsons and Rainey, which resulted in the defeat of the Secessionists, with a loss of three hundred men killed, prisoners and wounded.

The future movements of Major-General McClellan will be found in the following despatch written after the gallant and important action at Rich Mountain, Va., which we illustrate this week, where General Rosencrans overthrew the enemy, eight hundred strong, with severe loss in men, camp equipage, cannons, &c.:

WASHINGTON, July 13, 1861.

The following despatch was received to day at the army headquarters from General McClellan:

BEVERLY, July 13, 1861.

COLONEL E. D. TOWNSEND, Washington, D. C.:

The success of to-day is all that I could desire. We captured six brass cannon, of which one is rifled, and all the enemy's camp equipage and transportation, even to his cups. The number of tents will probably reach two hundred, and more than sixty wagons. Their killed and wounded will amount to fully one hundred and fifty, with at least one hundred prisoners, and more coming in constantly. I know already of ten officers killed and prisoners.

Their retreat was complete. I occupied Beverly by a rapid march. Garnett abandoned his camp early this morning, leaving much of his equipage. He came within a few miles of Beverly, but our rapid march turned him back in great confusion, and he is now retreating on the road to St. George.

General Morris is to follow him up closely. I have telegraphed for the two Pennsylvania regiments at Cumberland to join General Hill at Rowlesburg. The General is concentrating all his troops at Rowlesburg, and will cut off Garnett's retreat near West Union, or if possible at St. George.

I may say that we have driven out some ten thousand troops, strongly entrenched, with the loss of eleven killed and thirty-five wounded. Provision returns found here show Garnett's force to have been ten thousand men. They were Eastern Virginians, Georgians, Tennesseans, and, I think, Carolinians. To-morrow I can give full details as to prisoners, &c. I trust that General Cox has by this time drawn Wise out of the Kanawha Valley. In that case I shall have accomplished the object of liberating Western Virginia. I hope the General-in-Chief will approve of my operations.

G. B. McCLELLAN, Major-General Department of Ohio.

What better proof can be advanced in support of the ripe judgment of General Scott than the present movements of the Federal forces, which are rapidly and securely closing in an armed cordon the great army of the rebels in Virginia? From all points columns are marching down. Those who were at Gallipolis, on the west, are en route for Ripley, on the other side of the Ohio, while at Charlestown, Parkersburg, Belpre, &c., are Ohio troops. At Grafton, Buckhannon, Philippi, &c., are Union forces, under General McClellan, his headquarters being at Buckhannon. At Cumberland the Eleventh Indiana Regiment, Colonel Wallace, is stationed, supported at the State line by two regiments of the Pennsylvania reserve corps. At Martinsburg and surrounding places to the north banks of the Potomac, and including Hagerstown, Williamsport, Frederick, &c., are various portions of General Patterson's forces. At Harper's Ferry, Colonel Stone is in command. Along the north bank of the Potomac River to Washington are scattered battalions of the District militia, while in Washington, Georgetown, &c., are large forces under General Mansfield. Across the river, in Alexandria, Arlington, &c., are nearly forty thousand troops under the charge of General McDowell.

As they approach the rebels are beaten back, dispirited and disheartened. These falling back upon the main bodies, thoroughly demoralized by defeat, cannot but have a disastrous effect upon the whole by lessening their confidence in their own invincibility. The whole plan of the campaign displays consummate military knowledge, aided by experience and foresight, and the result is as certain and inevitable as death.

Gen. McClellan has gained another victory. On Sunday, the 14th, he attacked and defeated the rebel force of about 10,000 men, under General Garnett, who was killed in the action. This battle took place about eight miles from St. George, at a place called Carracksford, a small village. Garnett was ex-Congressman for Virginia.

Carracksford, eight miles from St. George, where Garnett was killed, is about twenty-five miles north of Beverly, where McClellan now is, thirteen miles east of Philippi, and about fifteen miles west of the Alleghany Mountains.

All the camp equipage was taken, together with many prisoners. Fifty of the rebels were killed. It was a total rout.

The first sitting of the court-martial on Colonel Allen took place on Saturday, the 13th of July, at Fortress Monroe. The court is composed of the colonels of the various regiments there and at Newport News. Colonel Duryea was objected to by Colonel Allen's counsel, on account of his well-known prejudice against the accused, and the objection was allowed. There are several counts against Colonel Allen, such as disobedience of orders in burning property, in disregarding the passes and protections granted by General Butler, and in breaking his parole and going beyond his limits when under arrest. He denies all the charges except the last, to which he pleads guilty. This alone will render his dismissal from the service a certainty, without the Commander-in-Chief or the President should interpose, which is improbable.

Another of Jeff. Davis's pirate ships has turned up in the Mexican waters. It is the Sumpter, the privateer that escaped from New Orleans some time ago. She had taken several of our Northern merchantmen into a Cuban port called Cienfuegos, and had left them there to await the decision of the Spanish courts, as the privateer was compelled to sail again before the expiration of the twenty-four hours. One vessel the pirate had burned. The Governor had telegraphed our Consul in Havana, and the question will be the subject of considerable discussion between ourselves and Spain. We now see how much more friendly the British Order in Council was towards us than that of either Spain or France.

At St. Petersburg, Russia, we hear that a captain had been imprisoned for hoisting the Confederate flag, which the Government of Russia will not recognize.

PERSONAL.

CHARLES F. JEFFERIES, who was arrested July 1860, on suspicion of having murdered his father-in-law, Mr. Walter, and Mr. Sutower, was tried for the offence on Wednesday and Thursday, the 10th and 11th of July, and acquitted. He called as witnesses, but left all to his counsel, Mr. Bady, whose speech in his defence was most eloquent and convincing. It is considered a most remarkable case, since everything was left to the counsel's ability. The jury was out about twenty minutes.

MR. BOSHER, of the Ledger, has presented a thousand dollars to the families of the Massachusetts Volunteers. It is a great reflection upon our Government that what ought to be a national duty is left to more popular impulse. Good



GREAT CONFLAGRATION IN EAST ALBANY, N. Y., ON THE NIGHT OF THE 5TH OF JULY, 1861.—TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF THE FREIGHT DEPOTS OF THE ALBANY AND BOSTON RAILROAD CO., TOGETHER WITH ALL THEIR CONTENTS AND SEVERAL LOADED CANAL BOATS—LOSS OF PROPERTY OVER HALF A MILLION OF DOLLARS.—FROM A SKETCH TAKEN ON THE SPOT ON THE 6TH INST.—SEE PAGE 150.



Laurel Mountain—Wood's killed with a Rebel—Rode a party of Indians Skye's horse.
 Sixth Indiana Volunteers, Col. Blunt, in double file.
 BATTLE OF BEALINGTON, LAUREL HILL, VA., BETWEEN THE NINTH AND THE SEVENTH INDIANA REGIMENTS AND THE FOURTEENTH OHIO REGIMENT, AND A REBEL GEORGIAN REGIMENT, JULY 8, AT 5 P.M.—FROM A SKETCH
 BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL McCLELLAN'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 147.

Fourteenth Ohio Regiment, Colonel Steadman.
 Seventh Indiana Regiment, Colonel Dumont, in double file.



RUINS OF THE GREAT FIRE IN EAST BOSTON, ON THE 4TH OF JULY, 1861.—DESTRUCTION OF AN IMMENSE AMOUNT OF PROPERTY IN BUILDINGS, STORES, LUMBER AND SHIPS.—FROM A SKETCH TAKEN ON THE SPOT, ON THE 5TH INST.

THE GREAT FIRE IN EAST ALBANY, JULY 5, 1861.—and Boston Railroad Corporation, caused, it is supposed, by the friction of some of the machinery connected with the elevator. On Friday evening, at about half-past seven, flames were seen issuing from the cupola of the Southern freight-house of the Albany.

The wind was blowing very fresh from the south, and in an almost incredible space of time that immense structure—over seven hundred and fifty feet in length—was one sheet of flame. In this was stored a large quantity of oil and alcohol, and the flames shot up eighty or one hundred feet.

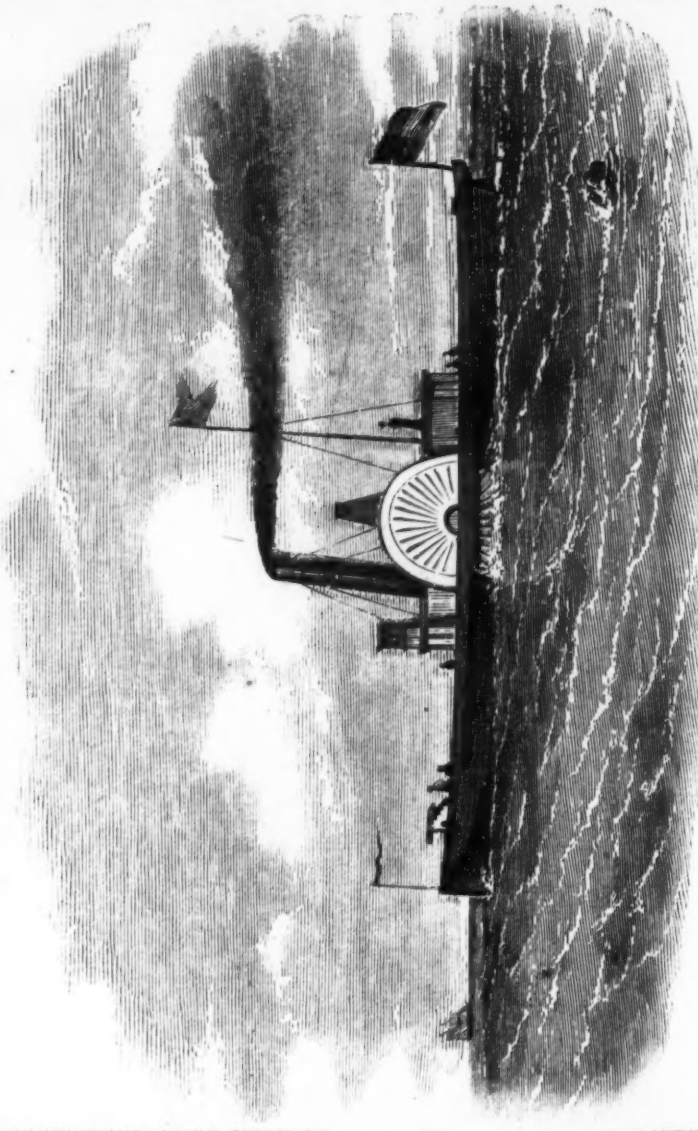
The Boston and Hudson River ferry-boats took over several engines and a large number of firemen, but before the boats could make a second trip the fire had made such headway that it was found impossible to make a landing. It was but a very few minutes before the flames communicated to the other large freight-house, and seemingly but an instant more before it was a grand scene of fire, the flames raging with the most intense fury, lighting up the whole eastern horizon and causing a feeling of awe to creep over every beholder. Indeed the immense volumes of flame ascending between two hundred and three hundred feet, with clouds of dense smoke bespangled with myriad burning cinders, gave to the scene a degree of grandeur baffling description.

In the canal, between the two depots, lay some seven or eight canal boats, all or nearly all, loaded with grain. Osgood's mud machine, of Troy as it lay there. The flames from the depot spread so fearfully that they crossed the canal and communicated with the passenger depot. They swept across the canal like a whirlwind, setting fire to all the vessels there. At this critical moment, the little steamer Rediff, Captain Kelcey, backed into the cut, backed on to a canal boat and dragged it into the stream. Its deck was all on fire, but by proper and energetic exertion the flames were subdued and the boat saved. Captain Kelcey made an attempt to enter the second time, but he could not go through without endangering his own craft, and he gal-

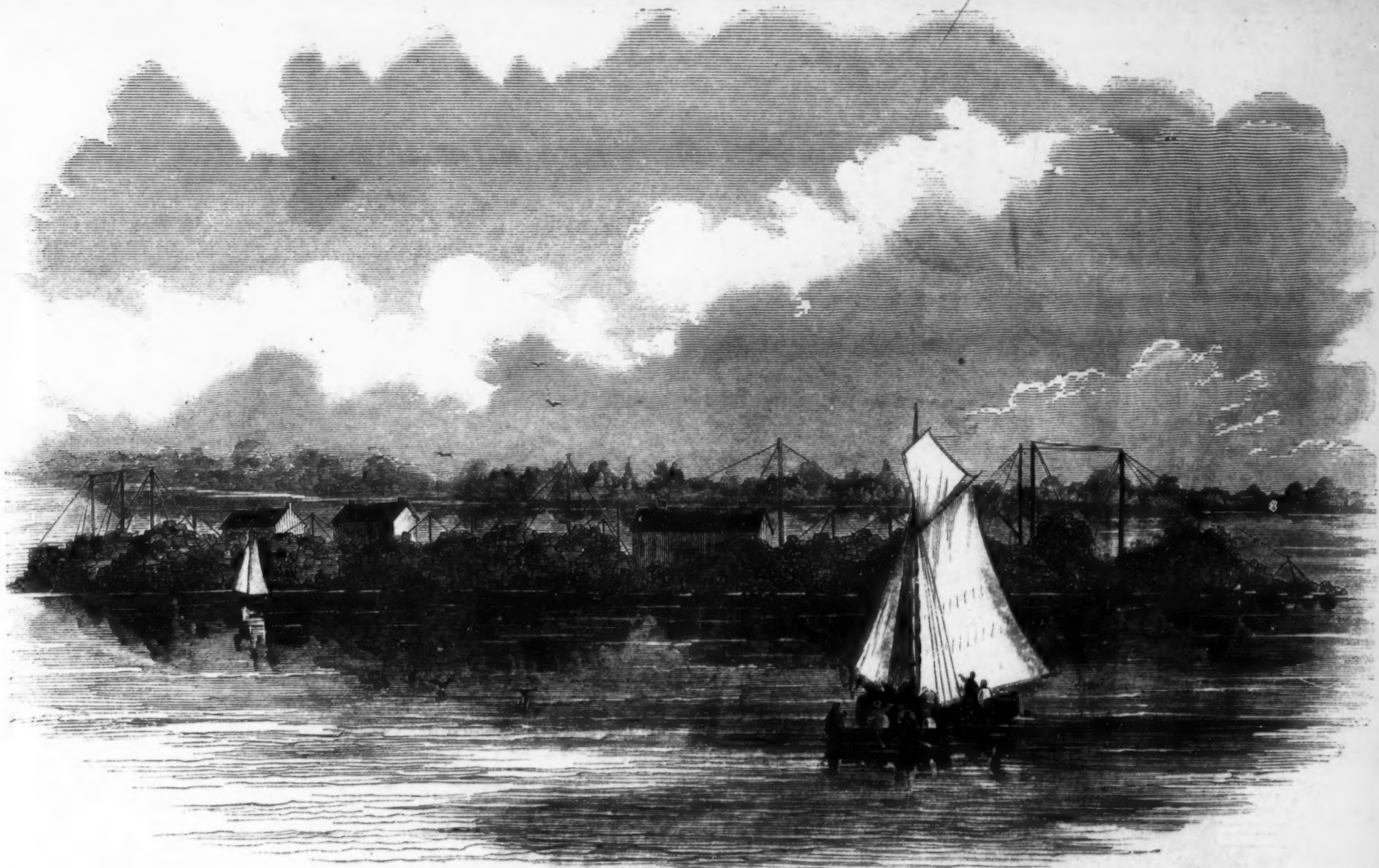


A HOUSE BUILT BY MARSHAL KANE AFTER THE 15TH OF APRIL, AND STORED WITH FIREARMS, NOW IN POSSESSION OF THE THIRTEENTH REGIMENT (PROCKLYN) N. Y. S. M.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 147.

last crew. The boats that were left behind were all totally life is slight, although there have been many exaggerated reports destroyed. It is said that upon these boats were families, consisting of men, women and children, but it is believed that the loss of life is truly deplorable.



FLAGSHIP OF THE "HOME SQUADRON," THE CONFEDERATE STATES WAR STEAMER, ADMIRAL BENBOW, COMMANDING, AND BURNING UNOLAH SAM'S COAL, BOUND FROM PENSACOLA TO PENSACOLA NAVY YARD.—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER IN FORT PICKENS.—SEE PAGE 147.



FORT CALHOUN, ON THE RIP-RAP, SITUATED BETWEEN FORTRESS MONROE AND SEWALL'S POINT, IN HAMPTON ROADS, VA.—SKETCHED FROM THE GUNBOAT QUAKER CITY BY J. L. PENKE, ESQ.—SEE PAGE 147.

The flames were overhead and all around the boat. The father of the child got on a point opposite where the boat lay. The mother halloed to the father to catch the child, and almost simultaneously with the remark threw the child to the father. It did not reach him, and it fell into the water. The mother jumped in after it, but, sad to relate, the child was drowned. The mother, however, was saved.

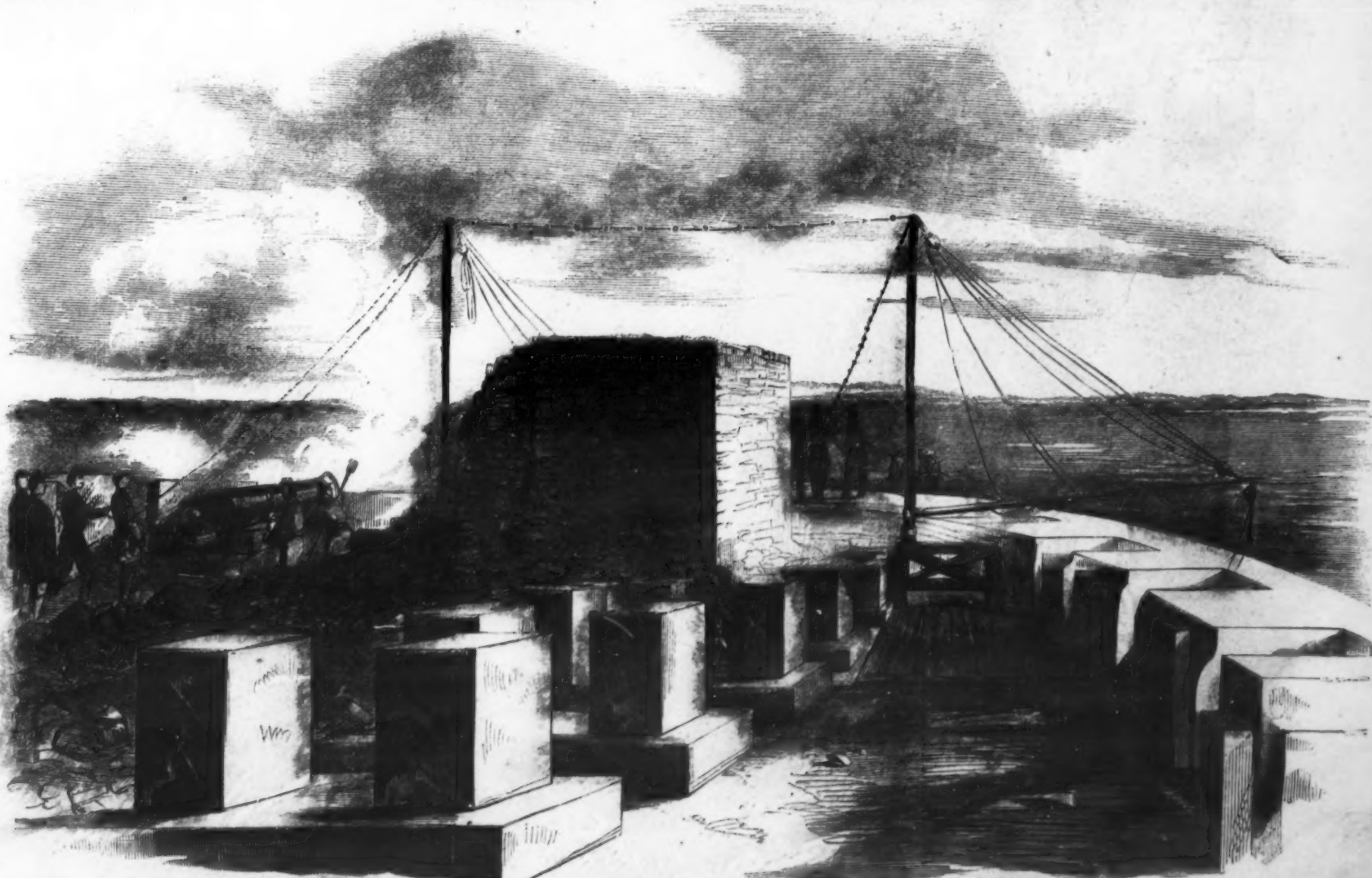
In less than two hours time the large freight depot, about eight hundred feet in length, and upwards of one hundred feet in width; the freight depot on the north side of the canal, at least four hundred feet in length; the passenger depot, two hundred feet in length; the business office of the Company; the bridge leading across the canal from the main depot; between forty and fifty cars, mostly for freight; half a dozen canal boats; hundreds of feet of platform; and quite a large quantity of freight were one immense pile of ruins, the flames dancing to and fro, as if in sporting glee over their work of destruction—the aggregate loss amounting to half a million of dollars.

GREAT FIRE IN EAST BOSTON ON THE FOURTH OF JULY.

SHORTLY after noon on the 4th of July, a fire broke out in East Boston, near the shipyards. It commenced in a rigger's loft, a wooden building, on Aspinwall's wharf, and spread along the inflammable material with a rapidity and a fierceness which defied all the efforts of the firemen to extinguish or control it. From Aspinwall's it spread to Snelling's and Mickerson's wharves, laying everything in ashes, including the salt refinery, a building one hundred feet square, and the immense foundry of the East Boston Iron Company. It then attacked Clinton Wharf, and spread to the Dry Dock, and afterwards to the shipyard of Samuel Hall, burning the whole square of the Timber Dock Company, which was bounded by three blocks, covered with poor dwelling-houses, all of which were destroyed, rendering at least two hundred families houseless. It spared nothing. Whatever the flames touched was ruthlessly and completely destroyed. The loss is immense, and is not the less

disastrous because a large amount of the property was insured. In addition to the buildings swept away by this tremendous conflagration, much damage was done to the vessels at the wharves. The following is a list of the vessels burned: Bark Mystery, Boston; brig Orella, brig Henry Matthews, Searsport; brig Fanny O. Field, schooner T. A. Hawkins, schooner Dashaway, schooner M. A. McNeil, Philadelphia—all totally destroyed. Bark Edward C. Hill lost main and mizenmasts. A large number of vessels were towed into the stream and saved. Fortunately not a single life was lost.

There is at the present time in the woods belonging to the Earl of Dudley, at Hitley, Staffordshire, a blackbird, who claps his wings and crows like a domestic cock. Hundreds have been to see and hear this bird, and various are the conjectures as to how he learned to imitate chickens. No other blackbirds were ever known to do so before, although they must have heard the cock crow as well as he; neither has any person in the neighborhood lost a tame one. So the thing is a mystery.



INTERIOR OF FORT CALHOUN, ON THE RIP-RAP, IN HAMPTON ROADS, VA., SHOWING THE PROGRESS MADE IN ITS CONSTRUCTION—EXPERIMENTING WITH RIFLED CANNON AT SEWALL'S POINT.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. L. PENKE, ESQ.—SEE PAGE 147.



THE BATTLE OF RICH MOUNTAIN, WESTERN VIRGINIA, ON THE 12TH OF JULY, BETWEEN THE TROOPS OF MAJOR-GENERAL McCLELLAN'S COMMAND, LED BY GEN. L. ROSE, TENTH AND THIRTEENTH INDIANA VOLUNTEERS, AND THE NINETEENTH OHIO REG'T.—FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATIONS.



Y GEN L ROSENCRANS AND A FORCE OF THREE THOUSAND REBELS UNDER COLONEL PEGRAM—TOTAL ROUT OF THE ENEMY WITH GREAT SLAUGHTER BY THE EIGHTH, REG T.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL McCLELLAN'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 145.

ERLE GOWER; OR, THE SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan.

CHAPTER LV.

LORD KINGWOOD arrived at Brighton shortly after Lady Kingswood and Lady Maud had quitted it. He was made acquainted with their abrupt departure immediately he reached the house Lady Kingswood had engaged. He resolved to return to London the same night, but as he had ordered a horse to be brought to the door that he might take a ride before dinner, a habit he had contracted, he mounted it on its being announced, and galloped along the King's Road, to encounter the Marquis of Chillingham, Ishmael and Erle in one damning group.

Before the eve had become night he was within his library in London again, pacing it in a hot and feverish state, and with his brain filled with maddening thoughts, not alone with respect to Vernon and the boy, who he seemed to feel was his son, but because he fancied that he detected lurking upon the calm, undemonstrative face of the Marquis of Chillingham a triumphant, mocking smile.

He had not forgotten that Chillingham had been one of the first suitors Lady Kingswood had in the preceding years of their married life; he had not hitherto thought of it, except to serve as the vehicle for some pleasant, he remembered it now.

Apparently, however, he had no cause for jealous alarm. Lady Kingswood had passed through London with Lady Maud St. Clair, and was at Kingswood Hall. Chillingham was at Brighton. In a day or two he would be in London, and he would see him daily, either at the House of Peers or in council.

The marquis and Lady Kingswood would thus be apart, and without a probability of their meeting; still he was haunted by jealous doubts of both as by a spectre. His fears, too, were perhaps the greater from the very determined character of Lady Kingswood's conduct towards himself.

He met the Marquis of Chillingham, as he had calculated, almost daily. Tacitly, their former intimate relations cooled, their greetings became more distant, and their bearing to each other more ugly.

Daily communications from Kingswood assured him that Lady Kingswood remained in seclusion at the Hall, his own eyes told him that the marquis did not quit London.

Time went slowly on, and those affairs in which he was most deeply interested remained perfectly stationary. He heard nothing of Ishmael or his menaces of disclosure; he and his companions, so terrible though so far to look upon, had disappeared, and Cyril had suddenly, instead of acting in direct hostility to his wish, become constant in his attentions to Eleanor Cotton.

Perhaps this ill augured a fairer setting to the stormy period he had passed through. As if to give some affirmative color to this presumptive aspiration, Pharissee appeared one night suddenly before him.

He glided into the room, and stood by Lord Kingswood's side ere he heard him enter.

Lord Kingswood, on catching sight of him, leaped to his feet, for Pharissee was so disguised he did not know him.

"Pray, my lord, be seated," cried Pharissee, in low, hurried tone; "be not disturbed or alarmed; it is I, your faithful and devoted servant, Pharissee. I have great and important news for your lordship."

Lord Kingswood, recovering his composure, regarded him sternly.

"What is the meaning of this mummery, man?" he said, in a slow, scornful voice.

"It means, my lord, that my life is not for the present safe in my natural appearance," he returned in a whisper. "My lord, my lord, I have, at the peril of my life, obtained for you information of the utmost value to your future peace of mind; and when I tell your lordship that, concealed, I overheard Horace Vernon, Esquire, of Eaton Square and Huntingford, confer with that old man of whom I have spoken to your lordship—when I inform your lordship that, believing themselves to be alone, they let out secrets worth half your lordship's fortune to purchase—you will say I could hardly have bought these secrets too dearly at the risk of my life."

He paused, for he saw that Lord Kingswood bent upon him a searching, anxious, tremblingly-angry gaze.

"Go on, Pharissee, my good, faithful fellow," cried his lordship, excitedly, as Pharissee did not attempt to proceed beyond what he had stated. "Do not keep me in suspense; it is possible what you may have to communicate may prove invaluable to me."

"I believe it will, my lord," returned Pharissee; "but your lordship will remember that, while you are great, powerful and wealthy, I am but a poor servant."

"Pharissee, you shall have no cause to doubt my liberality if your information be of the service to me which you intimate it is," returned his lordship, hastily.

"Pardon me, my lord, if I appear mercenary," returned Pharissee, slowly, purposely to increase his lordship's eagerness, "but liberality is but a vague term. I am but a poor servant, and I am anxious to secure an income for my declining years. I have drawn up a small paper—"

He drew one from his breast as he spoke, but Lord Kingswood frowned, and said, hastily and sternly:

"I am not accustomed to make terms of such a kind, especially with one who ought to know that my liberality is not a vague term."

"Your lordship has done well to correct me," returned Pharissee, craftily. "It is because of my knowledge of your lordship's bounty and liberality that I have presumed to draw up this paper, which is simply an agreement to pay me an annuity for life, as I shall almost immediately have to fly my country."

"Fly your country!" cried Lord Kingswood, with surprise, "on what account, man?"

"Upon your lordship's account, solely and wholly upon your lordship's! I assure you," he replied, with a cringing bow. "And, therefore, my lord, in order to avoid delay, I have prepared this paper for your lordship to sign in my favor," subjoined Pharissee, tendering, with fingers that slightly trembled, the paper he had already produced.

"What is the positive purport of this document?" asked Lord Kingswood, in an impatient tone, as he snatched rather than took the paper out of Pharissee's hand.

"It is only a simple agreement, my lord, to secure to me, for the remainder of my life, a small annuity in the event of certain information, communicated by me to you, proving of such importance as would induce you, without the compulsory assistance of any such instrument as this, to grant it."

Lord Kingswood opened it, and observed that it was very lengthy for an agreement of such a character; but Pharissee rather anxiously assured him that it contained only the necessary and usual provisions to make it a legal instrument.

"Enough," said Lord Kingswood, displaying some irritability of manner.

"I presume, after so many years' servitude with me, I can trust you in so simple a matter as this. Where is my signature to be affixed?"

"There, my lord," replied Pharissee, pointing out the space left for the purpose.

Lord Kingswood seized a pen and scrawled his accustomed signature on the spot indicated, and then handed the paper back to Pharissee, whose fingers absolutely clutched it as they took possession of it. Carefully applying some blotting-paper to the wet ink, he dried it, folded the paper, and put it into his vest with a gleam of triumph upon his face.

"Having complied with your request," observed Lord Kingswood, "proceed to acquaint me with the conversation you overheard, and which you declare to be of such importance to me."

"My lord, one fact must be of primary importance to you, I believe," said Pharissee, "and that is the death of the mother of Mr. Erle Gower."

A livid tint rendered the features of Lord Kingswood for a moment ghastly, and in a low voice he replied,

"Most important."

"Your lordship is, I have no doubt, conscious that Mr. Vernon, of Huntingford, is deeply interested in Mr. Erle's affairs?"

"You referred to an event," he said; "define yourself for the present to that."

"I merely, my lord, intended to preface what I had to say on that point," returned Pharissee, "by informing your lordship that the old knave, of whom I have several times spoken to your lordship, is Mr. Vernon's secret agent, and has been engaged by him from the time a false charge was brought against the mother of Mr. Erle up to the present moment."

"His secret agent?" echoed Lord Kingswood, with a look of inquiry.

"Yes, my lord. When the lady to whom I have alluded to disappeared, I suppose from her friends, this old man Pengreep was employed by Mr. Vernon to track her," continued Pharissee.

"Indeed?" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, sharply. "With what success?"

"To give his own words," answered Pharissee, "he said that he had in his possession written notes of all the incidents of some trial which the lady had to undergo, her acquittal and subsequent death and burial, a description of the place where she was interred, together with all the necessary official papers relating to it."

"Death and interment! are you sure of that?" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, with eager excitement.

"Quite sure, my lord," returned Pharissee. "That was not all: he not only pointed to a chest in which the documents of which he spoke were, he said, deposited, but also stated that the same chest contained the certificate of your marriage with the mother of Mr. Erle."

Lord Kingswood started and caught Pharissee by the arm.

"My good Pharissee," he said, in earnest tones, "are you sure—quite sure—that he said the mother of Mr. Erle?"

"Yes—let me remember—well—a no—I am not sure on that point," answered Pharissee, dubiously; but added, quickly, "I am sure that he said he was in possession of the certificate of the marriage and the official register—"

"Extracted from the book?" exclaimed Lord Kingswood.

"From what I gathered, my lord, I should say abstracted—torn out," replied Pharissee.

"I have some reason to believe that your supposition is correct," observed Lord Kingswood. "But proceed, your information is indeed interesting and important to me."

"It will prove, my lord, yet more deeply interesting to you, I suspect," continued Pharissee, rubbing his hand slowly over the other. "The death of the lady is an important fact."

"A most important fact," repeated Lord Kingswood.

"So, my lord, is that of the death of the clergyman who performed the ceremony of marriage between you and the lady of whom we have been speaking."

A low groan burst from Lord Kingswood's lips.

"The individual who performed the ceremony was not—was not—I have, I think, the strongest authority to believe, an ordained clergyman of the Church of England," said his lordship, in a hesitating tone.

"But an impostor?" suggested Pharissee.

"In that sense—yes," replied his lordship.

"My lord, have you any objection to name to me the authority?" asked Pharissee.

"Your lordship can depend upon my secrecy," returned Lord Kingswood.

"I quite believe I can, Pharissee, in this matter, at least," returned Lord Kingswood. "The fact is, Sir Harris Stanhope in some degree assisted me in the—in the—affair, and he subsequently assured me, and does at the present moment positively assert, that the person engaged was not a clergyman."

"Sir Harris Stanhope, my lord, has an interest in deceiving you," replied Pharissee. "The clergyman was his friend, but some years since a quarrel took place between them which was never healed. The reverend gentleman married a lady of fortune, changed his name and residence, and his death has been known only through his adopted name."

Lord Kingswood, in a state of nervous excitement, paced up and down the room for a few moments, his breast filled with tumultuous emotions; several times he essayed to speak, but found it impossible to do so. At length, after wiping the clammy moisture from his forehead, and drawing several deep breaths, he returned to Pharissee.

"I think, then, my faithful Pharissee," he said, still panting for breath, "that I am to understand that the—happy lady who has given me much cause lately for uneasiness—is dead, and has been so for many years?"

"Exactly so, my lord," returned Pharissee, with a bend of the head.

"And that the clergyman, being dead, no living witnesses of the ceremony can now be produced?" continued Lord Kingswood.

"Precisely so, my lord," returned Pharissee, with a cunning leer upon his sallow face. "The case stands thus: whatever may really have happened in past years to compromise your lordship's position cannot now be proved, save by documents, and we all know that such documents as certificates and attesting papers can be forged to serve a purpose. The real position in which you now stand, my lord, may be understood by your lordship from the following words which Mr. Vernon addressed to old Pengreep—"

Lord Kingswood's death, or my revenge and his statement will for ever be crushed in this world. I heard him say this distinctly, and your lordship will, no doubt, comprehend the words better than I can explain them."

"They are obligations of a very important and valuable kind," continued Lord Kingswood, "and I appreciate them as such. I refer to the documents and papers of which you have spoken."

"I have, my lord, already had them in my possession," returned Pharissee, a crawling, creeping sensation running over his frame. "I, in fact, my lord, purloined them, and believed that I had made good my escape with them; but I was overtaken, they were wrested from me, and hence the necessity for my flight."

"I will protect you," said Lord Kingswood, a sudden thought flashing through his brain. "But I need not appear in the matter. You say that your belief in those papers were for the most part obtained surreptitiously?"

"There can be no doubt of it, my lord," returned Pharissee.

"Well, in that case," rejoined Lord Kingswood, quickly, "this man Pengreep cannot pursue you for trying to obtain possession of what he has himself stolen."

Pharissee started; this was placing his position in a new form with respect to Pengreep. But Albertina? He groined at the very thought of her. The memory of the licence, the ring, the have and to hold, for better for worse, almost made him sink into the earth.

"Where did you say this man lived?" inquired Lord Kingswood.

"Gray's Mount," returned Pharissee, scarcely, for the moment, knowing what he was saying.

Lord Kingswood made an entry in his tablets.

"I suppose the fellow can be reached with gold?" observed Lord Kingswood.

"No doubt, my lord," returned Pharissee, still musingly.

"What if we were to open negotiations with him?" suggested Lord Kingswood. "Now we know the commodity he has to part with, we shall be in a position to make an offer. Possessing certain information, they are of much less value than they would have been under other circumstances. We can afford, however, to be liberal, for I do not deny that I am very anxious to obtain every scrap of paper relative to this accursed affair, and destroy, obliterate all, so that not a vestige of it shall remain to trouble me more."

"I am afraid, my lord, that it would find him treacherous," suggested Pharissee.

"And he would find me wary," returned Lord Kingswood. "An idea has occurred to me which I think we can carry out. I will cause a search-warrant to be obtained, by which his premises can be entered and examined, and, having that in our hands, we appoint a meeting with him—propose terms; if he refuses, he shall be taken into custody, on a charge of stealing a page from a parish register book, and while he is in confinement we will search his house. You have said that you know the chest in which the documents we want are placed?"

"I do, my lord," returned Pharissee.

"We will then secure the papers, liberate him, and let him take his remedy. We shall have in our possession the proofs of his delinquency, and his bite will be harmless. I will attend to this at the earliest moment in the morning. You shall then contrive an interview with this man Pengreep—"

"But, my lord, he has already threatened to give me into the custody of the police if he catches me, and he is the man to keep his word; besides—"

Pharissee hesitated.

"Besides what?" interrupted Lord Kingswood, seeing that Pharissee had yet something to reveal which he had not communicated.

Before he could reply, a servant entered the room, bringing a letter upon a gold salver for Lord Kingswood.

A frown settled on his brow, and his face a shade paler than before.

"My Lord—We are instructed by our client, Mr. Vernon, of Eaton-square, to apply to you for the sum of five thousand pounds, the cost of twenty years' maintenance, education, &c., of your son, Mr. Erle Kingswood, and to inform you that unless the same be paid to us, with our costs, before twelve o'clock to-morrow morning, process will be immediately issued against you. In the event of your lordship disputing this claim, your lordship will, perhaps, favor us with the name of the solicitors who act for your lordship. We have the honor to be, your lordship's obedient servants."

"WINDUP, TALKALL & FLEMING."

"I heard Mr. Vernon say something about going to the Attorney-General's, but I could hardly catch what it was," said Pharissee, rather hesitantly; "but I heard him say also that he was afraid the storm had passed over, and would leave you speechless; and he said likewise that Mr. Erle had left him, and had behaved ungratefully; so I think your lordship may rest that letter behind the fire and map your fingers at them all."

"No," said Lord Kingswood, "I am only more confirmed in a design I have formed to see the man Pengreep myself immediately."

Pharissee suddenly grew cold and faint, for he heard a hoarse turmoil still raging below.

"And your lordship pleases," he said, in a hurried, nervous tone. "I will endeavor to see your lordship at some part of to-morrow, and learn the result."

"Very well, Pharissee," returned his lordship, still with a perplexed, thoughtful look, for the letter he had just received much disturbed him.

He sat down to repurpose it, and before he had finished it Pharissee glided from the room.

He heard the wild noise growing louder below, and his heart died within him, for he recognized the voice of his Albertina used with vehement earnestness.

He slunk down the servants' staircase, spoke through the passage at the basement, and so on to the servants' private entrance, reaching the pavement as Albertina was hurried out of the hall with fearful velocity.

She caught a glimpse of him as he fled swiftly away, uttered a scream of recognition, and rushed after him in his pursuit, followed by two policemen, several of the servants, and a queue of klers and small boys.

CHAPTER LVI.

As soon as the aged eyes of old Eldra perceived the rough, uncouth form of Tubal Kish standing in the doorway of the chamber containing Erle and herself, she noticed that Tubal stared at Erle with an aspect of bewildered astonishment, she uttered an exclamation which was a compound of vexation and surprise. She, in a shrill but haughty tone of command, bade him descend the staircase, and as he hesitated she advanced hastily towards him with upraised sick, and then, with a grunt like the growl of an ill-conditioned dog, he obeyed her and disappeared.

She turned to Erle and said:

"The blood of a doomed race circulates in my veins as in yours. It may be that the hour rapidly approaches for the redemption of the race from its doom, and with it my release from life. I feel that some great and decisive event connected with our house is at hand. That mystic life is lifted now, and I see standing by your side the shadow of the last Erle, Baron Kingswood."

Presently she muttered,

"His eyes have lost their rutilant glare, his brow wears not its wonted settled gloom, his eyes regard me with a softer expression, and the ghastly blood upon his hands seems fading—he points to you—and—oh, my God!"

With a scream and a gasp she sank upon the ground, and Erle at once moved forward to raise and support her, although her wild aspect and yet more singular words had earned a strange lord to run through his frame so as almost for an instant to render him speechless.

She waved him off and rose up.

"It was but a moment," she said, with difficulty.

"But your vision, dame?" he ejaculated, in an air of eager inquiry.

"You intimate that, therefore, he does not know it. It may be the more wanderings of an encephalic brain that moved you so deeply; but it may have been one of those supernatural communications which, as at defiance our ordinary faculties of reasoning, and at such of the greatest moment to me. I have had sights, visions, dreams—call them what you will—they are so many and so probable that the unthinking world would laugh me to scorn for attaching more weight to them than to inconsequent dreams deserve."

Again the old woman shook her head sadly.

"Evil flies with falcon's wings," she muttered rather than said. "I fear

me that you, too, are doomed, and it is not for me to hasten the agonies which will come or later be yours, by prognostications whose fulfilment, even if you have faith in them, you can neither elude nor avert. You are pale, the lines of fatigue and exhaustion circle about your eyes and lips. In your room you will find a bed. You may rest upon it in safety, innocence alone has rested there. I can tell by your clear, steadfast eyes, and firm lip, that as yet crime has not set its brand upon you. When you arise from your slumber, I may add, perhaps, to what I have already communicated, as you may have the power, even unknown to yourself, to confirm me in the suspicion I have formed with respect to your origin. If all be true, as I now conceive it to be, oh, but you shall press onward in your true path, backed with all the aid and the terrible knowledge with which I can furnish you! Not a word more! Go, you need rest; go—go—"

She waved her hand towards an apartment, into which, in full faith that he was safe, Erle entered. He saw at a glance that it had been Violet's, that it was tastefully, even elegantly furnished, but he was too overcome by fatigue to note many things, mere trifles in themselves, but strongly illustrative of the pure mind, the delicate, even refined taste, and the guileless nature of the forest flower which had bloomed there and drooped and faded elsewhere.

He flung himself upon the bed, muttered a hasty prayer, and in a few minutes he was asleep, dreaming that he was seated by the side of Lady Maud in the old library.

They were alone as they had been—were reading the old chronicles together—and it seemed to him that the word love played in characters of lambent flame over the broad page, and though he knew what they intended to represent, yet they would not take the shape of the word, or even the form of the letter, but perplexed and teased and vexed him. And then he had other stranger and wilder dreams, but he slept on deeply and continuously.

In the meanwhile old Eldra descended the stone staircase, and perceived at the opened door leading into the chase, Tubal Kish prostrate upon the turf, leaning upon his elbows, and watching ardently for Erle as a tiger would for its prey.

He was armed with a fowling-piece, and when he saw that Eldra was alone, he rose to his feet and approached her.

"Where be he?" he exclaimed, in an undertone. "Vanished—gone—like he do in the brake and in the covert, in the allicys and the thickets."

"Fool!" ejaculated old Eldra.

"Nay, I be a cunning vool if I be vool," he retorted. "Dost th' not mind, dame, what the chant says? I've heard thee race it:"

When the heir of the race
Shall his own features trace?"

"Silence, idiot!" cried the old woman angrily. "The guest above is no spirit, but one who has asked for shelter, rest and refreshment. Look you, disturb him not!"

"No spectre?" exclaimed Tubal, his brow lowering. "Not 't bad baron I seen oop in Chace o' nights?"

"I tell you no, fool!" responded the old woman, sharply. "His away with you! he needs quiet and rest. Your rough clatter will only disturb him. He away, and beware of a black hawk!"

"So you've told me often, dame," he replied, with a guttural laugh. "I've seen a black hawk, an' I believe eye of man never saw 'un either."

"You have seen the spectre of the Chace, owlet, have you not?" asked the old woman, fixing her glittering eyes upon him, and speaking in a tone which made him gasp with fear.

"Ye—es," he chattered between his teeth.

"Is that a sight for the eye of man?" she asked sharply. "Yet have you seen the ghostly thing. Beware of a black hawk, I bid ye! It will be your death! Go."

"Just a word, dame. Ye tell I yon oop in tower be not spectre!" he exclaimed, in a low voice.

"I have told thee so, fool!" she cried.

"Eh, but dost thee know who he be, then?" he inquired.

She gazed at him fixedly for a moment, and then said:

"Dost thou, Tubal?"

"And he be not spectre, he be t' young squire, who was at t' Hall when the last dead leaves were falling from the branches," he returned, and lowering his voice almost to a whisper, continued, "It be he, dame, who poured a barrel o' shot at my breast because I tried to get pretty Violet, our flower of the Chace, out of clutches o' young Squire Cyril."

The old dame started back a step.

"Did he—he rescue Violet from you and place her in the hands of Cyril Kingswood?"

"Aye, that did he, dame," replied Tubal. "When I 'ood a lifted her 'oop and carried her to tower, he oop with gun an' covered me w' it."

"Knowing that he was consigning to the clutches of a designing villain one so fair, so young, so innocent?"

"Nay, he never stopped to ask right or wrong, but he fired at me," cried Tubal, excitedly. "I have marks now; I count 'em at times loke, because it is a dot, dame, an' them debts I always pay."

The old woman's brows contracted.

"I see," she muttered, "the rash impulse of youth to side with the weaker party. It was not wise, but it was both bold and brave," she said, as if commencing with herself.

"Ay! an' if he be not Kingswood o' Kingswood, it be he who broke my head w' gun-stock in glade, when I'd Cyril Kingswood's weasand beneath my 'ood knife. Dost see, dame, I know 'un, an' I'll make 'un know I afore I done w' 'un."

"Peace," muttered the dame, sharply. "It is not by your vile hand a Kingswood shall fall. Mark me, he who rests above within the tower is under my protection. See you harm him not; see you attempt not to harm him! If you dare, Tubal, I will hunt thee as a ferret will a mole. He sleeps in peace. He thee away. Heed me and tremble. Go!"

As she said her stick, and Tubal slunk gloomily away. She watched him for a short time to note whether he lurked about or endeavored to conceal himself within a thicket, but apparently satisfied, she turned, entered the tower and made fast the door upon the inner side.

Tubal did not intend to lurk about; he had an engagement to keep, and he hurried to the place of appointment.

It was a small glade, enclosed with trees, and was untenanted by human beings. He flung himself beneath a mass of entangled brushwood, and lay concealed from sight.

He had not been there hidden long ere his quick ear caught the sound of a footstep advancing along the glade, even though the soft grass made the foot fall lightly.

He turned his eyes in the direction and beheld the form of Philip Avon approaching. As soon as the latter reached a spot within a few feet of him, he rose up silently from his lair and confronted him.

Philip started to find him so close to him, but without alluding to it, said, in a stern, arrogant tone:

"Well, fellow, what more of the ghost about whom you babble to me this morning? Is it made of flesh and blood, or of moonbeams and mist? Have you come to your senses yet, do you, or are you still on this point as mad as a March hare?"

"I ha' seen 'un again," said Tubal Kish in reply, a malicious grin spreading itself over his rough, ungainly features.

"What, the ghost?" asked Philip Avon, with a contemptuous laugh.

"He be'n't no ghost," muttered Tubal between his teeth.

"He is it so?" cried Philip quickly.

Philip Avon walked up and down the glade, deep in thought, for a few minutes. At length he soliloquized:

"I will adopt this plan. All things considered, it will be better than throttling him. Lord Kingswood will be with me. From what he said he will only be too glad to get rid of him, and there is not a man in the commission of the peace down here who will not commit him if they understand it to be Lord Kingswood's wish that he should be sent abroad to herd with felons. Dainty Lady Mand will hardly preserve with pleasure the memory of a lover who is working out a term of servitude with scoundrels of the worst dye in chains, in a penal settlement. I will do it. Tubal Kish, where shall I meet you to-night to track the house-robbing ghoul?"

"Ay, an' for that matter, man-robbing too," replied Tubal Kish. "A' stole my pistol, and 'ood knife."

"Excellent," cried Philip, slapping his thigh, "a petty larceny theft too. You shall charge him with it, Tubal, before a magistrate."

"Who—?" cried Tubal, with an air of affright. "No! no! Not I, Master Philip."

"Why not?" asked Philip, angrily.

"Why, Master Philip, 'magistrate he do want to see I sorely," replied Tubal, with a downcast look.

"What for—poaching?" suggested Philip.

"Eh! that be it, Master Philip," replied Tubal, somewhat hesitatingly; "an' if he do catch me inside justice-room a' will send I to jail too."

"Leave that to me," returned Philip, quickly. "My father, Sir Walter Avon, is in the commission of the peace, and you shall prefer your charge before him. I will protect you. I will bring up with me to-night Hamrogue and Picker, two of our best constables, and we will pounce upon our quarry when he has got well inside the Hall."

"I cannot meet 'em constables, Master Philip. You must track the game by yourself," said Tubal, doggedly. "They do owe I grudge; I cracked both of their crowns, and they have sworn to lay I by 't heels. I cannot meet 'em, Master Philip. I will do all you wish without 'un, but I cannot meet 'em."

"Fool, I will pay for their broken pates; and I give you my word they shall not touch you, that is enough for you. Therefore, meet me at this spot at ten to-night, and look that you are here, or I will myself set Hamrogue and Picker on you. I know where to find you, and if you fail me to-night our next interview shall be in the lock-up."

As he concluded he stalked away down the glade, leaving Tubal Kish muttering something very like an anathema against himself if he ran the risk that night of meeting the constables.

Yet at the hour of ten he was at the appointed spot, for after all he feared Philip Avon more than he did the constables, and there he was joined by Philip and two more, who smiled at Tubal Kish when they faced him with a very grim expression.

Without a word Tubal Kish led them in a certain direction, and placed them beneath a covert, and bade them watch an opening which existed in the centre of a mass of forest trees. An hour elapsed, and there was no sign of the approach of their intended victim. Philip began to grow impatient, when suddenly Tubal caught him by the arm and whispered in his ear,

"Lie close—be still; I hear his footfall on the grass."

Philip listened, but could not catch the sound, yet presently he caught sight of a figure muffled in a cloak, which glided swiftly across the glade, and entered a long alley or aisle formed by the tall stems of many trees.

They all rose, and with stealthy steps, followed the fleeing figure. They entered the grove of trees also, and beheld the shadow gliding lightly and quickly down it, and then pass out into the open space beyond.

They hurried after it, and entered the open space cautiously, but the figure was not anywhere to be seen—it had vanished.

The space before them was of such extent that it was impossible for the fugitive to have passed over it without being seen by them, and there was nothing but a mass of brushwood and a gully in the place to serve for cover. This brushwood was carefully examined, but in vain, and then Tubal Kish, in a tone of awe, exclaimed,

"Let us back again. We have been hunting the Kingswood o' Kingswood."

"Fool! idiot!" cried Philip, passionately; "I know the fellow, his gait, his step, it is him I saw. Let us to the Hall, and watch there; we shall have him yet."

As he concluded these words he led the way himself to Kingswood Hall, closely followed by the two officers and Tubal Kish.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

No journal published on the Continent of America has wielded so vast a party and general influence as the New York Tribune. Its influence is not confined to cities, it is felt in towns and villages, in the scattered homesteads of our agricultural districts, and in the log cabins in the wildernesses of our Territories. It addresses a vast audience, and its intense earnestness of purpose in the great issues it advocates bears the inevitable stamp of moral conviction, and its influence and weight with its readers is commensurate with this earnestness. Its rise and progress to its present immense circulation and social and political power is worthy of record.

The New York Tribune was first issued on the 10th day of April, 1841. It was a folio of five columns per page, not half its present size, and containing about one-third the amount of matter. Its price was one cent per copy. A small list of subscribers had been gathered by the industrious efforts of a few personal friends of the sole editor and proprietor, Horace Greeley, but of the first day's edition, only five thousand copies, a large proportion was given away to whoever would accept them. General Harrison's funeral was celebrated on that day in New York by an immense turnout, and there was a chilling nor'-east storm of rain, hail and wind—both obsequies and storm tending to distract attention from the new journal. Its editor had for seven years previously issued the New Yorker, a literary weekly of good repute, which obtained a circulation of nine thousand five hundred copies, but being sent to subscribers on credit never made a dollar. During the summer and fall preceding the publication of the Daily Tribune, Horace Greeley had issued a campaign weekly paper entitled the Log Cabin, devoted to the election of General Harrison to the Presidency, which obtained the then unprecedented circulation of eighty thousand copies, but was sold for little more than the cost of the white paper on which it was printed. The popularity of this journal doubtless aided the circulation of the Tribune, yet its first week's receipts were but ninety-two dollars, against a current outlay of five hundred and twenty-five dollars. In the following August Mr. Thomas McElrath took an interest in the concern, with the position as publisher, and within a year from its establishment it began to pay expenses, as it has always hitherto done.

The Weekly Tribune, which has now a circulation of over two hundred thousand copies, was first issued in September, 1841, and the Semi-Weekly in 1843.

The Tribune was the first daily newspaper in America issued in double folio of eight pages per day, while it has often issued two four-page supplements per week. It has always been the largest of the cheap dailies and having fewer advertisements than its rivals prints more news matter than they do, and with larger type. Perhaps two-thirds of its entire receipts have been paid directly over to its paper makers, and of the four or five millions of dollars received from its subscribers and advertisers, at least nine-tenths have been paid directly out for paper, ink, type, reporting, telegraphing, &c., leaving a very small proportion to be divided among its fifteen or twenty proprietors.

Before the era of regular steamship mails its publishers sent a vessel once to Europe expressly for news, and have during the term of its existence spent many thousands of dollars on land and ocean expresses. It now pays for telegraphing alone the enormous sum of thirty thousand dollars a year. It was the first paper in America to stereotype its pages, so as to print its several editions from stereotype forms, and preserve its type from the fearful wear and tear of large editions run off from cylinder presses.

The growth of its circulation is evidenced by the fact that it was first printed on a machine which cost two thousand dollars, and would run off about two thousand copies an hour. Now its principal press, one of Hoe's ten cylinders, cost thirty thousand dollars, or with fixtures forty thousand dollars, and runs off eighteen thousand sheets per hour. It could be driven at a higher rate, though not without danger of breaking it. To print off the enormous editions of the Daily, Semi-Weekly and Weekly Tribune, not only is this great press in constant use, but also another six cylinder Hoe is pressed into service, working day and night.

It is curious to inquire into the working details of this establishment, which is in intimate communication with a million people per day. We find that the amount of paper used every week is over thirteen hundred reams, of five hundred sheets to the ream, or, in other words, over six hundred and fifty thousand sheets of paper, or five millions four hundred thousand pages, are printed, counted, folded and despatched at the New York Tribune office every week.

The circulation of the Daily (per week) is.....	438,000
" " Semi-Weekly.....	50,000
" " Weekly.....	200,000
Edition for California.....	2,500
Total circulation.....	690,500

It takes a careful observer to realise the enormous proportions of the above numerals, representing the circulation of journals from

one office. It is so vast that it almost staggers belief, but the fact is simply so without the slightest exaggeration.

To carry on the business of this great establishment a multiplicity of heads and hands are necessary, and we find their number and classification as follows:

Editors, correspondents and reporters.....	28
Compositors and proofreaders.....	76
Pressroom boys.....	48
Newspaper folding machines.....	5
Mailing department.....	44
Publishing department.....	11

In all (exclusive of carriers and all outside assistance) 212

Horace Greeley is the Editor-in-Chief; indeed, he is the Tribune so far as the world knows, and the popular belief is that he is neatly packed and folded up and distributed with every copy of the Tribune each morning, so thoroughly is his personality identified with that famous sheet. Horace Greeley is essentially a man of the people; if he towers above them in intellect, he comes to their level when wrongs are to be righted and human sympathy expressed. His heart and mind are both large, comprehensive and earnest. When he feels, he gives with an open, ungrudging hand, and, better than all, kind words; when he thinks, he writes in words which stand forth like letters of glowing fire, which burn into the popular mind, and cannot be quenched out. He is a brief, bold, intelligible writer, condensing small volumes into a couple of squares, and giving the skeletons of facts which stare one in the face and will be seen. He enters into every subject he takes hold of with all his heart, and with an impetuosity that acknowledges no obstacles, and regards not the conventional courtesies of language; in short, his absorption is entire, and he drives ahead reckless whom he spills in his onward course. His mind is so inquiring, so ready to seize upon anything which promises to ameliorate our species, that he has been the expounder of a vast many Humanitarian ideas, most of which have dropped quietly into oblivion, but which for a while he upheld with all the force of his vigorous pen. Impulsive and hopeful, he was as likely to be wrong as right in his advocacy of novel theories, but right or wrong he threw the whole force of his nature into whatever contest he was engaged. Horace Greeley's position and influence, socially and politically, is second to none in the country, and this he has won by his fearlessness, his honesty and his earnestness—with the one he met his enemies and conquered them, with the other he silenced all detraction, and with the last he makes the masses believe what he believes. However we may dissent from some of the leading points of his creeds, we acknowledge the admiration which his brilliant talents command, and the respect which his moral-character compels. By the *attachés* of the Tribune he is greatly beloved.

Among his collaborators in the editorial room is Mr. C. A. Dana, whose varied knowledge, tact and judgment seemed to point him out for the managing editor, at once capable and reliable. He has held that position for many years, and is besides connected with Mr. Ripley in the editorial charge of "Appleton's Encyclopedia," a work of vast importance and labor, and requiring the finest judgment and tact in its conduct. His liberal acquisitions fit him for both positions, and few literary men of his age have reached such prominent and honorable places in the world of letters as Mr. Charles A. Dana.

The Literary Editor, Mr. George Ripley, is a man of liberal education and of rare mental acquirements. His reviews are admirably written, and display a fine discrimination, a genial appreciation and a refined and scholarly taste. His marked qualifications pointed him out as eminently fitted to conduct a literary work, and he was, consequently, chosen chief editor of "Appleton's Encyclopedia." His conversational powers are described as very remarkable for brilliancy of imagination, eloquence and depth of thought. He is a studious man, much absorbed in his literary labors, but is of a kind and genial disposition.

The musical editor is Mr. William Henry Fry, and he is the only man upon the press for whose opinion on musical matters we have the slightest respect. He is a cultivated musician, a composer who has made his mark, and if he is heterodox upon some of the dogmas of our musical creed, he has sufficient stuff in him to support his theories forcibly if not convincingly, and to compel even his adversaries to respect his opinions. Mr. Fry is also an eloquent speaker, and an able and vigorous political writer.

The Agricultural Editors are Messrs. Solon Robinson and Olcott, both of them experts in their department.

The Commercial Editor, Mr. George M. Snow, is behind the scenes in the Exchange, the bankers and brokers' offices, can point you out the principal bulls and bears, and is in a general sense up to all the "ropes" of the "street." He thoroughly understands and ably fills his department. It is said that he is as much at home "behind the scenes" in private life, among his large circle of friends, and like other great actors in the drama of life, he "holds the mirror up to nature" with consummate art.

Mr. Sidney H. Gay makes up the Weekly Tribune; Mr. Isaac William England is an able and discriminating City Editor, and Mr. J. F. Ottorson is an indefatigable and comprehensive News Editor, and was for a considerable period City Editor.

Mr. J. P. Cleveland is the Albany correspondent, a shrewd and keen observer, and a vigorous and pointed writer. He is also the compiler of the Tribune Almanac, a political annual bought by all politicians, which has reached a circulation of nearly one hundred and twenty thousand copies.

In the publishing department, Mr. Samuel Sinclair is the presiding genius. He has been connected with that department since its commencement, in 1841, and is now the sole publisher. The entire management of that vast business devolves upon him, and under his sagacious and far-seeing control, it has grown up to its present greatness, representing a capital of nearly half a million of dollars. We look upon this fact as the best evidence of his financial and administrative ability. The business department has also the assistance of Mr. R. M. Streibigh as advertising clerk. Mr. James Cuthell, an *attaché* from the first, died a short time since, never having been absent two successive days for nearly twenty years. Mr. E. T. Watson has charge of the wrapper-writing department, and Mr. J. B. Mix, a member of the Seventh regiment, has charge of the newspaper directing machines, of which there are five.

Three-fourths of a hundred of busy hands are employed with the flying type, under the supervision of Thomas N. Hooker, foreman of the composition room. Half a hundred swarthy figures glide through the dangerous intricacies of the immense press-room, where that ceaseless and noiseless engine works night and day, under the charge of Philip Fitzpatrick, the foreman, Patrick Nulty, assistant foreman. Patrick Rourke is day engineer, and John Rickard the night engineer.

And last, though not by any means the least among the Tribune wonders let us enter the counting, folding and delivering room of the Daily and Weekly Tribune, where Mr. David P. Rhoades is the ruling and animating spirit. It is his duty to count the papers as they come in bundles from the press, and deliver them to the boys and agents who are clamoring and impatient to procure their quota. Calm and unmoved amid the riot and the racket, like the steam engine he goes on and on, and incredible as it may sound, he can count the papers at the rate of eighteen thousand copies an hour, or as fast as the ten cylinder press can run them out. This is an act of manual dexterity not to be paralleled through all newspaperdom. It was acquired by force of necessity. As the power of producing in the printing press was developed, his counting dexterity was developed in the like manner. It was proposed to get two or three men to help him, but he was strong in the belief that it must be a very fast machine that could beat him—and he was right. He is ahead of the steam printing press yet.

It is possible we have omitted some point of interest, but we give our impressions, and the facts we gleaned from a necessarily brief visit to the New York Tribune establishment.

TRIAL OF WIARD'S STEEL RIFLED CANNON FOR THE EXCELSIOR BRIGADE.

REPORT of Special Commission, composed of officers appointed by General D. E. Sickles, from the Excelsior brigade, on trial of N. W. Wiard's patent rifled steel cannon and carriages, which was made on the 3d of July, in the vicinity of Camp Scott, using Hotchkiss's celebrated shot and shell.

The Commission consisted of Colonel Hall, Second regiment; Colonel Graham, Fifth regiment; Captain Branne, Artillery Officer. General Sickles—Your Committee, in accordance with your instructions, proceeded to the trial ground, on the morning of the 3d inst., to witness the testing of one of Wiard's patent steel rifled

cannon and improved carriage. The gun was dismounted and placed on a trial carriage, and a target of canvas, twenty feet square, erected at a distance of one thousand four hundred and thirty-three yards. Eleven shots were fired at the target, three of which were for adjusting sights and range. Eight of the eleven shots struck, one hitting the bull's eye. The time of flight was three and a half seconds, and the elevation two degrees, thirty-eight minutes. Ten of the shots passed on from one to two hundred yards beyond the target before making the first graze; one fell short of the target. One shot was fired into the beach sand at a distance of twelve yards, at an inclination of twenty degrees, and penetrated about four feet. One shot for ricochet on the water was fired; the first graze was estimated to be about five hundred yards, with four rebounds. The weight of powder charge was eight ounces. The gun was then remounted on its own carriage, and three shots fired with a charge of fourteen ounces. The time of flight was, in one instance, twenty-eight and a half seconds; the second twenty-nine, and the third thirty-one and a half seconds. During the trial a common United States bronze rifled six pounder was placed on the same trial carriage, with an elevation of four and a half degrees. The comparative results were as follows: Time of flight to the target, six seconds, the recoil in the case of the six pounder gun was thirty inches, and of the bronze gun nine feet. The weight of the steel gun is seven hundred pounds, and of the bronze gun eight hundred and ninety pounds, the charges used in the steel gun were eight ounces, in the bronze gun nineteen when firing at the target; the shots weighed six for the steel and twelve for the bronze gun. There are several important improvements in the construction of the gun and carriage, which make them in mobility and efficiency superior, in many essential particulars, to any guns we have seen in service. The carriage gives over twice the elevation of the standard United States carriage, and has a flattened bearing at the end of the trail, which greatly facilitates accuracy in firing. The wheels are constructed with iron adjustable hubs, and may be taken down and put together with the greatest facility by the aid of a hand wrench, and any shrinkage may be compensated by tightening the adjustable wedges in the hub and in the sections of the felloes. The tire is set by simple pressure, without the use of heat. The gun is made of solid steel, forged under heavy steam hammers, and is bored out of the solid mass. The trunnions are forged on an iron band and shrunk on the barrel of the gun. The plan of rifling is a gain twist ending in one revolution in a distance of nine feet. The grooves are eight in number, parallel in depth, and as two to one to the lands. The length of the gun is eighteen calibres. In the distribution of materials, the adaptation of parts, the style of finish and workmanship of his gun and carriage, Mr. Wiard has displayed masterly ability.

THE FRENCH LADY—A WAR EPISODE.

We briefly noticed in our last paper the daring abduction of the steamer St. Nicholas by Col. Richard Thomas, who got on board in the disguise of a lady dressed in the highest style of fashion. We have now to chronicle his capture. It appears that the ease with which he had accomplished his former exploit had given him a taste for another such experiment; but, unfortunately, on board the steamer on which he, with seven Confederates, took his passage up to Baltimore, there happened to be two of the best hands of the St. Nicholas, who pointed out to Lieut. T. Carmichael and policeman Horner that suspicious fact. Lieut. Carmichael consequently ordered the captain to make at once for Fort McHenry, instead of going straight to Baltimore. "Then the 'French Lady' who was now in proper male dress, found that the vessel was heading in to the fort, his suspicions were alarmed, and he tried to bully the captain to push on for Baltimore; but, of course, without avail. When the steamer was alongside the landing-place of the Fort, Col. Thomas, pirate and French Lady, was not to be found. After, however, a severe search the heroic Colonel was found snugly ensconced in the drawer of a bureau, where he had been packed away under some female dresses. He was at once seized, and is now a prisoner in Fort McHenry, awaiting his trial for piracy and treason. There is a spice of romance about this "gay and gallant young soldier" calculated to create sympathy for him in the breast of novel readers and young ladies.

EYEBALLING—A NEW GAME IN THE WESTERN CAMPS.

There are variations in camp life here. The most amusing, and yet the most provoking, is the systematic, free and easy, incessant "eyeballing" that mysteriously spirals away everything from a pilot to a camp stool the moment it is left for an instant beyond range of your own eye. This eyeballing has been reduced to a science. The old saying about the Ohio volunteers in Mexico, that if they couldn't take a town they could always steal it, applies with literal truthfulness to the camps here. Does a soldier want a blanket? He "eyeballs" it. The poor fellow from whom he takes it is but little troubled; he eyeballs some other man's blanket, and so it goes clear around. You want a saddle. The "Orderly" doesn't see yours, and so he cooly picks up some other man's, claps it on your horse, and you are equipped. If the "other man" happens to want a saddle, he abides the "fate of war" maybe he gets one, if he can secure a wide-awake Orderly—and maybe he doesn't. You can't be expected to look after that.

You are the fortunate possessor of a horse. You hitch him, right under the eye of a guard, with a special injunction to "see that nobody takes that horse," and go in to eat your dinner. Returning to remount, you are amazed to see no horse. Question the guard, and he tells you that "some other man got that horse!" "But why didn't you stop him?" "Why, he said it was his horse, and that you had stolen him, and he was only taking him back. Of course I didn't know anything about it!" If you are wise you receive the cool information as coolly as it deserves to be received, and simply "go and do likewise." If you are a fool you curse and rave, and get laughed at for your pains. Blue blouses are a very convenient article for camp wear. Some man to whose company blue blouses have not been supplied fancies that he would like one. A soldier has just taken off his blouse for some purpose. He turns his back for a moment, presto, the blouse is gone! Nobody knows anything about it. What can he do? What, indeed, but "go and do likewise!" If he can't get a blouse he can get something else. And so with other things.

THE STUFFED CAT.

An old chiffonnier (or ragpicker) died in Paris, in a state of abject poverty. His only relation was a niece, who lived as a servant with a greengrocer. The girl always assisted her uncle as far as her means would permit. When she learned of his death, which took place suddenly, she was on the point of marriage with a journeyman baker, to whom she had been long attached. The nuptial day was fixed, but Suzette had not yet bought her wedding clothes. She hastened to tell her lover that the wedding must be deferred; she wanted the price of her bridal finery to lay her uncle decently in the grave. Her mistress ridiculed the idea, and exhorted her to leave the old man to be buried by charity. Suzette refused. The consequence was a quarrel, in which the young woman lost her place and her lover, who sided with her mistress. She hastened to the miserable caret where her uncle had expired, and by the sacrifice not only of the money for her wedding attire, but nearly all the rest of her slender wardrobe, she had the old man decently interred. Her pious task fulfilled, she sat alone in her uncle's room weeping bitterly, when the master of her faithless lover, a good-looking young man, entered.

"So, my Suzette, I find you have lost your place," said he; "I am come to offer you one for life. Will you marry me?"

"I, sir!" said Suzette; "you are joking."

"No, faith," said he; "I want a wife, and I'm sure I can't find a better."

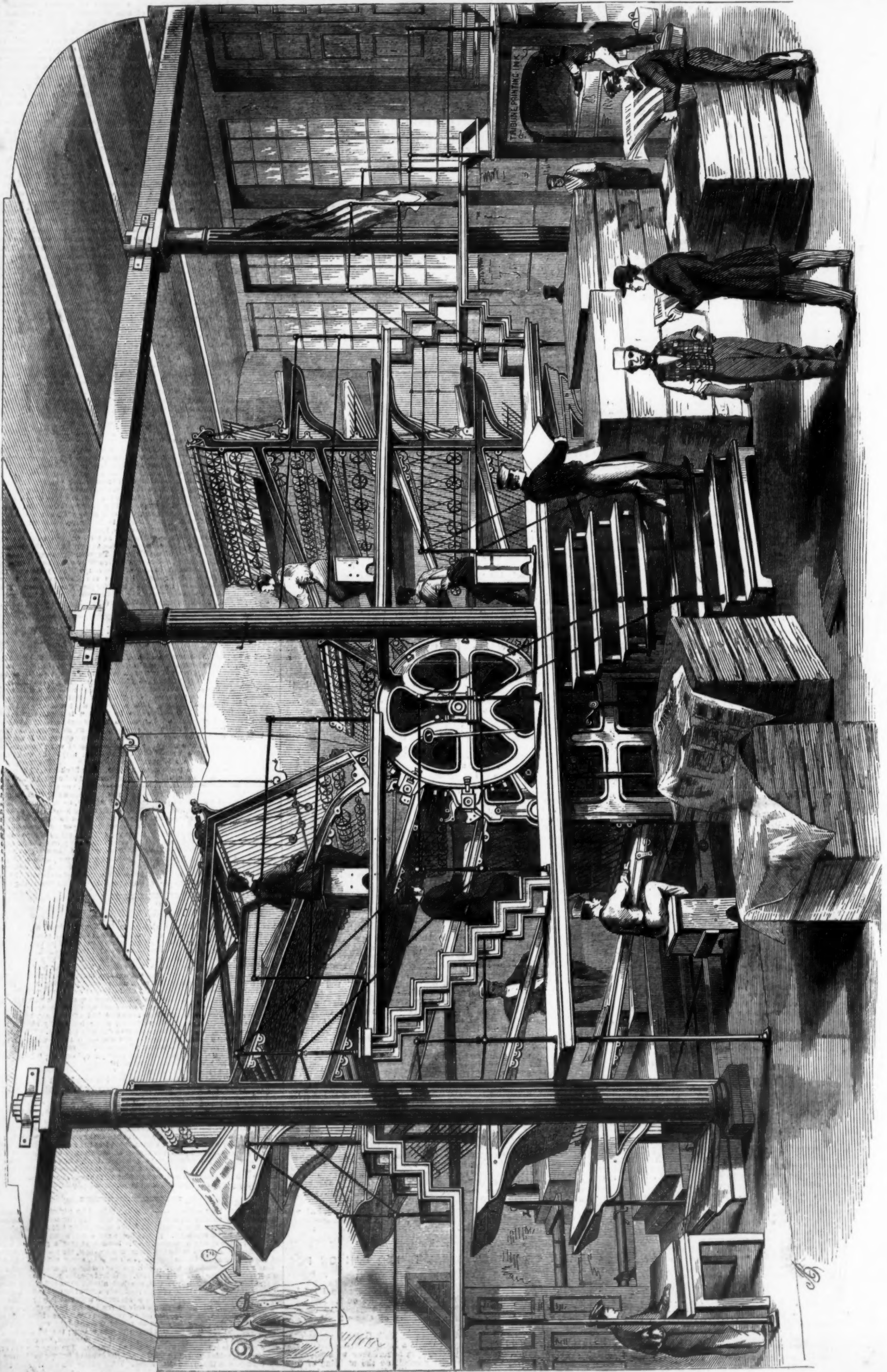
"But everybody will laugh at you for marrying a poor girl like me," said Suzette.

"Oh, if that is your only objection," said the young man, "we shall soon get over it; come, come along, my mother is prepared to receive you."

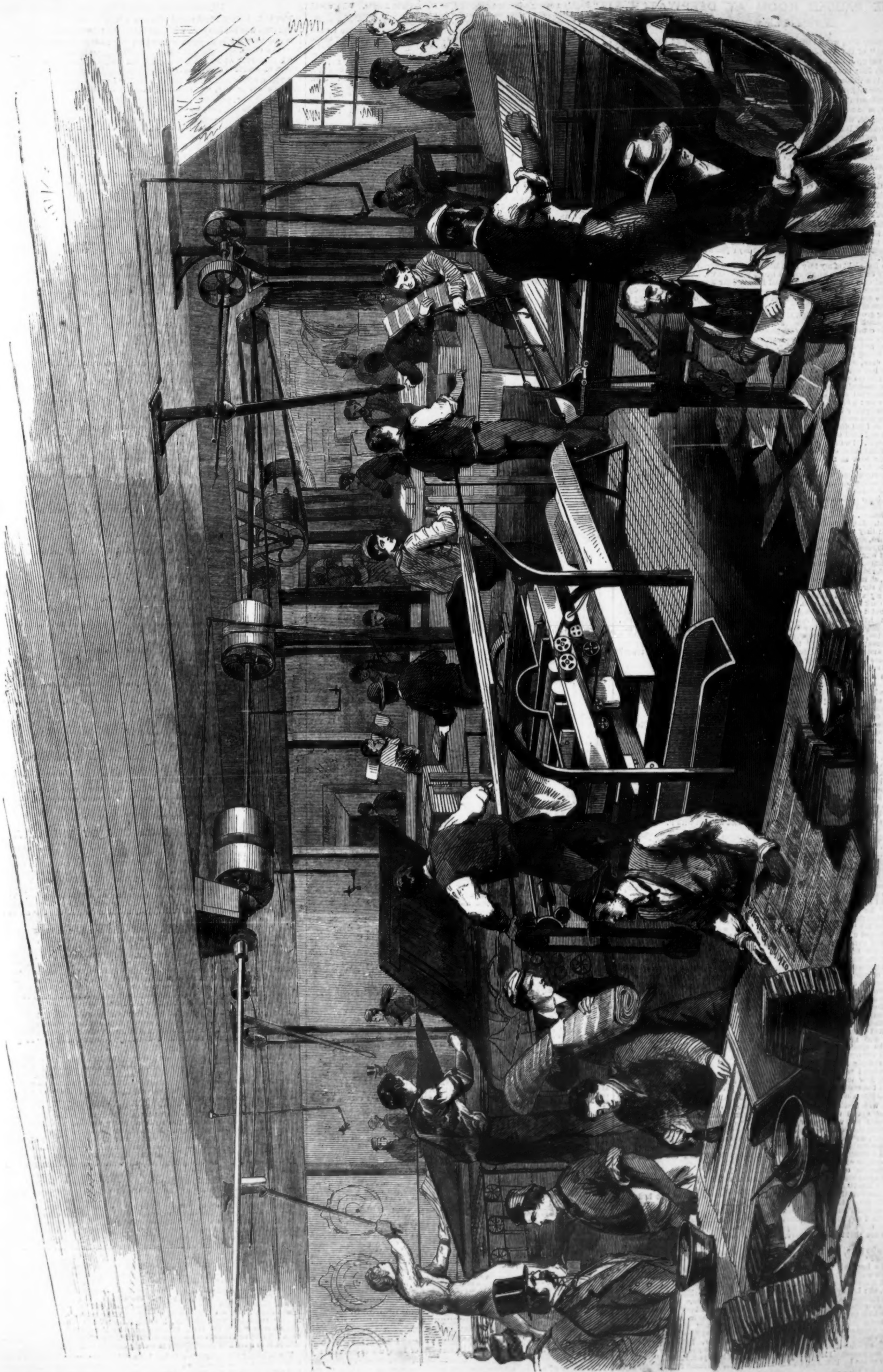
Suzette hesitated no longer, but she wished to take with her a memorial of her deceased uncle—it was a cat he had had for many years. The old man was so fond of the animal that he determined that even death should not separate them, for he had had her stuffed, and placed her on the tester of his bed.

As Suzette took down puss, she uttered an exclamation of surprise at finding it so heavy. The lover hastened to open the animal, when out fell a shower of gold. There were a thousand louis concealed in the body of the cat; and this sum, which the old miser had starved himself to amass, became the reward of the worthy girl and her disinterested lover.

THE GOLDEN BELT.—Mlle. —, a young lady of no personal attractions but of great moral excellence, and possessing a very large fortune (something like twenty thousand pounds a year), had, like most young ladies in her position, several suitors for her hand. Her father gave a ball about a month ago, to which all the gentlemen were invited. Posing behind a group of bushes, which had been placed in the ball-room to decorate it, the young lady saw two of her admirers engaged in low, and on one side, angry dialogue. Her own name was mentioned; do not blame her if she did not appear immediately; she was anxious to hear their conversation. The first speaker was the one towards whom her heart yearned; in fact, she had almost pronounced the decisive "yes!" the other, an officer of high rank, but without fortune, and known to be deeply in debt. The first spoke of his future with certainty; regretted her eagerness, and added that he should only marry her for her money. He also said he considered he was conferring a favor upon her. The officer took it up, saying that if the young lady had in reality consented, he was unworthy of the distinction; that love invested the object with beauty; that he (for he loved her) thought her most beautiful, and, even if she were not, her other qualities were such as to entitle her to esteem and admiration. The next day the officer received the golden belt worn by Mlle. —, the evening before, and he was her champion in the eyes of the world. Their union was consummated shortly afterwards.



THE PRESS-ROOM OF THE NEW YORK "TRIBUNE."—SEE PAGE 155.



THE FOLDING AND MAILING-ROOM OF THE NEW YORK "TRIBUNE."—SEE PAGE 155.

THE PADDED ROOM AT DEEPWATER.

A Tale of an English Inn.

It was nearly dark when I reached Deepwater; and I was glad enough to see the "fly" of the Ten Jolly Drivers waiting at one end of the station, as I stepped out upon the other.

The Ten Jolly Drivers was a gem of a country inn. And the plump, comely woman, in a widow's cap and gown, who stood curtseying in the porch, with a great silver tankard of "home-brewed" in her hands, "to take the dust out of the gentleman's throat"—what of her? Why, she was a gem of a country landlady, to be sure.

I mentioned, when my pen first touched this paper, that it was nearly dark when I reached Deepwater Station. A drive of four miles with Jim the coachman had made it still more near; and by the time I entered the red-tiled porch every fowl had gone to roost, and lamps were twinkling in the kitchen and the hall. Candles had been taken into a room at the right, just beyond the bar, for me, and the sight of a tempting table laid for supper made me so hungry that I at once "fell to," feasted like a king, and then went to bed and slept without the least incursion of nightmare.

The week which I had allotted for my holiday passed rapidly away. I congratulated myself upon having found this happy valley—this home where no shadow of care brooded—these friends whose lives had more of sunshine and less of shadow than any I had ever known before. But, "call no man happy till he dies," says a wise old Eastern proverb. And I rejoin, call no place Paradise till you see its angels. For places, like people, have their good and bad attendant spirits. I found it so, before my sojourn at the Ten Jolly Drivers was over.

On the last night of my stay I sat late in my little parlor below stairs. When I took my candle to go up stairs, the house was shut up. Mrs. Ball had retired to her bedroom in the third story; and I could hear Jim snoring on his settle in the kitchen, where he always slept, with the house dog at his feet, ready to defend the place if burglars should take a sudden fancy to visit it during the small hours of the night.

The dog growled, but bearing my voice, gave a kind of satisfied snort, and betook himself to slumber again. I stole cautiously up the creaking stairs. A gust of air coming from the landing-place nearly blew my light out, and shading it with my hand, I saw that a small, arched door opposite the stairs, which I had never noticed before, stood ajar. It seemed to lead into a narrow passage; and wondering much how it could have escaped my notice, I stepped in. Another door, strongly barred with iron, was just before me. I hesitated a moment; but some thing stronger than mere curiosity—a kind of breathless interest, that started me, urged me on. I opened it. Not easily, however—till it was suddenly wrenched from my hand by some one inside—so suddenly that I almost fell into a large, square room, hung with dark curtains, and only lighted by an iron lamp, in a wire cage, that burnt high up on the wall. The door closed gently behind me, but I could see no person in the room. Yet something had certainly wrenched it from my grasp.

I suppose I felt afraid. I remember I was very much inclined to whistle, or sing, just as I used to be when in my boyhood I had to pass a lonely churchyard at night. I walked into the middle of the room and put my lamp on the floor, because there was no table or chair on which I could leave it. Then I took a long look at my surroundings, feeling more and more like whistling every moment.

Not a picture hung upon the walls, not an article of furniture made the place more home-like. A low divan ran around the room; at one end it widened, and was furnished with blankets, counterpane and pillows, now tossed into a confused heap. The windows were heavily shuttered and barred—the grate was also barred in and wired—the shovel, poker and tongs had been removed, and the fender. The floor felt strangely beneath my feet, and I bent down to examine it. It was padded, and covered over with elastic matting. I touched the walls; they were not hung with dark drapery, as I had first imagined, but padded also, and covered with a cloth looking and feeling like leather. What strange mystery was this, in this quiet, out-of-the-way place? Who dwelt in this room where safety was evidently the first thing studied, where even the solitary lamp twinkled, like a star, far out of reach? I sat down on the divan and wondered at my discovery.

At last, as my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness of the place, I saw something stir, near the bed; a moment after I heard a low sigh.

"Who sighs so?" I asked, with a beating heart.

A tall, dark figure rose from the ground. It sounds romantic at this distance of time, but it seems to me nothing but romantic then. I was almost frightened to death, and had no power to speak or stir, as it advanced slowly towards me. Clad in a long, dark robe, like the habit of a monk, a man stood before me, pale, wasted, and with long, white hair, and a beard like snow. He gazed at me a moment in silence, and then sighed again heavily. I gathered up my courage and said to myself that I must be dreaming, and that my first word would scare the illusion away.

"Who are you, and how came you here?" I asked.

"I am a lost soul," he said, in a melancholy voice; "lost for ever and ever."

"But why do you seek me?" I managed to say.

"You were to come; you came," said the sad voice. "But will you help me?"

"How can I?"

He drew nearer, and bent down, clasping and unclasping his hands in a strange, nervous way.

"There was blood upon the stairs to-night, I suppose, when you came up?"

"Upon the stairs? Why, no?"

"No! Are you sure?"

"Quite."

"No blood?" he kept repeating. "It is very strange! It is all because I did not go myself. If I had been out, I should have cut her throat from ear to ear, you know; and that would have made a beautiful path to walk in."

I nodded, though my heart died within me.

"You know her blood is like carmine," he went on. "I cut her once, before she put me here, and you might have painted a house with it. You would be as white with the color, would you not?"

"No doubt, sir."

"Well, then, I promise you some. I can find my way to her, only you must lead me through the passage. I can't go through there alone; I always see him if I do."

"Who?"

"Charles—my brother Charles, you know. It is very odd," he added, in an injured tone; "the person said he was in heaven, and if that is the case, I don't see why he should always stay in that passage."

"Shall I go and see if he is there now?" I said, fancying a chance of escape.

"No!" he answered, in a terrible voice, while his eyes began to gleam.

"On second thoughts I will not go to her; she shall come to us. I know how I can bring her."

He snatched up the lamp I had left on the floor, and held it so that the flame touched the padding of the wall. In another moment it would have been on fire; but the real danger drove the imaginary one out of my head, and I sprang upon him. He dropped the lamp, and caught me in his powerful arms. I managed to trample on the flame, and then gave all my strength to the task of keeping his iron-like fingers from my throat. Up and down the padded room we struggled, fighting for life and death, yet making no noise and uttering no cry. The stillness terrified me. What would I not have given to have heard the sharp bark of Towner below.

It seemed an hour—I suppose it was not really more than five minutes. But the man's strength seemed to increase as mine gave way; he held one of my hands behind me, and though I kept him off for a time with the other, he fastened upon my throat at last. We had struggled down to the barred door—it was not quite shut, and in utter desperation I screamed aloud for help. The man's ground his teeth, and uttered a strange cry; the blood rushed to my head as his cold hands tightened around my neck; my eyes seemed starting from their sockets. I was just gasping out a last prayer for mercy, when I heard a noise upon the stairs; the door was burst open—the great dog flew in with a low growl, and after him came Jim, who flung himself upon the madman, and loosened his grasp in an instant. I saw no more, for I went into a long swoon that was almost like death.

When, with much pain and anguish, sense and reason came back to me, I opened my eyes and found Jim bending over me, bathing my lips and temples with brandy and water. I was lying upon the kitchen settle; the gray dawn was stealing through the window, and Towner sat bolt upright in the middle of the floor, watching for my recovery with an anxious eye. He whined and wagged his bushy tail when I spoke. Jim held the brandy to my lips; he was pale, and a constant mark over his eye showed that he had not resumed me without danger on his part.

"In the name of Heaven, who was it, Jim?" I asked.

"Take some more brandy, sir. How in the world did you come to be in there with him?"

I told him how the door was ajar, and how the other one had been opened for me. He gave a long low whistle, and shook his head.

"It's mi-sus's fault, and I often tell her we shall all be killed in our beds some night if she will go on visiting him. It always drives him wild. And to-night she must have gone off crying, as she often do, poor thing, and so forgotten to see that the doors were quite safe. It's a living mercy I heard you, sir."

"But who is he, Jim? And why is he here, instead of being in a proper madhouse?"

"That's her fault, too, as I tell her often enough. You see, sir, he was taken this way not long after they were married."

"Good Heavens! Is he her husband?"

"Yes, sir; I may say it to you, though every one else thinks he's dead, except the parson—he knows, and the doctor—he knows, too. It's a long story, and not over above pleasant. He went mad two years after she married him, and killed his brother Charles; afterwards he tabbed him in that little passage, and he never got over it. But it was all hushed up, and people thought he was sent away to a madhouse. Afterwards they thought he died. But missus had that room fitted up, and has always kept him here. I must go to see to the bottle myself after this. He's fast enough now, and I've got the key of the passage in my pocket. I'm main glad missus didn't hear you, though."

"And so am I. But, Jim, I wouldn't stay under the same roof another night with him for millions."

He smiled.

"On it's nothing when one gets used to it. Look at missus. Who would fancy she had got a raving maniac in charge?"

Who, indeed? I drank some more brandy, and going up to my own room, packed up my portmanteau and prepared for my journey. At seven I came into the breakfast-room, and lo! there was Mrs. Ball, fresh and smiling as the morning, hovering about me with a thousand attentions, little dreaming that I had by chance discovered the tragedy of her life, and nearly paid my own in forfeit thereby. I shook hands with her as Jim brought around the fly, and looked at her wistfully, waving her kerchief, and smiling as gay as a girl, when she drove away. Jim looked at her, too, then at me, and whistled "Jock o' Haddow."

"Strange things happen every day, if we only knew them," he said, as he acknowledged the gratuity I presented him at the station. "But for all that, I hope we shall see you, and Master Harrington, too, next summer. I'll take good care that you shall not be troubled yonder again."

But I never went. One visit to Deepwater was quite enough for me.

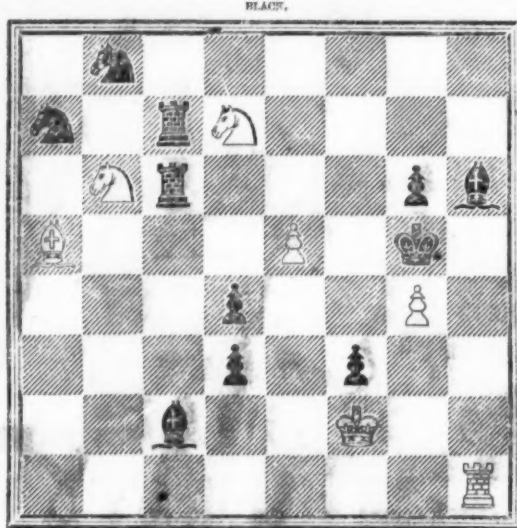
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CHESS.

All communications for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. F. F. Chess Editor, Home Life Insurance Co., 171 Broadway, N. Y.

PROBLEM No. 300.—By CONRAD BAYER. White to play and checkmate in five moves.



Game between Mr. WORMALD and Mr. SHROEDER, at the odds of Pawn and two moves.

(REMOVE BLACK'S KING'S PAWN.)

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1 P to K4	Kt to Q3	23 K to Q3	B to K4
2 P to K4	P to Q4	24 K to K4	B to R3
3 P to K4	P to K4	25 K to K4	B to R3
4 P to K4	Kt to K3	26 K to K4	B to R3
5 P to K4	P to Q3	27 K to K4	P to Q4
6 P to K4	P to K4	28 K to K4	P to Q4
7 P to K4	P to K4	29 K to K4	P to Q4
8 P to K4	P to K4	30 K to K4	P to Q4
9 P to K4	P to K4	31 K to K4	P to Q4
10 P to K4	P to K4	32 K to K4	P to Q4
11 P to K4	P to K4	33 K to K4	P to Q4
12 P to K4	P to K4	34 K to K4	P to Q4
13 P to K4	P to K4	35 K to K4	P to Q4
14 P to K4	P to K4	36 K to K4	P to Q4
15 P to K4	P to K4	37 K to K4	P to Q4
16 P to K4	P to K4	38 K to K4	P to Q4
17 P to K4	P to K4	39 K to K4	P to Q4
18 P to K4	P to K4	40 K to K4	P to Q4
19 P to K4	P to K4	41 K to K4	P to Q4
20 P to K4	P to K4	42 K to K4	P to Q4
21 P to K4	P to K4	43 K to K4	P to Q4
22 P to K4	P to K4	44 K to K4	P to Q4

(a) This Bishop has thus early in the game moved four times; tactics which must necessarily have lost much valuable time.

(b) A useless sacrifice, as it obtains no adequate compensation in position; R to R3 was the correct play.

(c) Again we should have preferred playing R to R3.

(d) Had White's move been P to K4, it would, probably, have led to the following interesting variation:

29 P to K4 29 K to K4

30 K to K4 30 K to K4

31 K to K4 31 K to K4

32 K to K4 32 K to K4

33 K to K4 33 K to K4

34 K to K4 34 K to K4

35 K to K4 35 K to K4

36 K to K4 36 K to K4

37 K to K4 37 K to K4

38 K to K4 38 K to K4

39 K to K4 39 K to K4

40 K to K4 40 K to K4

41 K to K4 41 K to K4

42 K to K4 42 K to K4

43 K to K4 43 K to K4

44 K to K4 44 K to K4

45 K to K4 45 K to K4

46 K to K4 46 K to K4

47 K to K4 47 K to K4

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135 K to K4 135 K to K4

136 K to K4 136 K to K4

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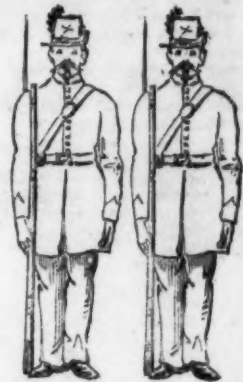
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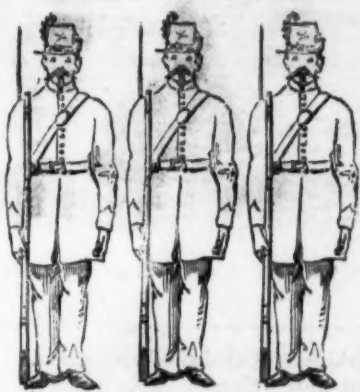
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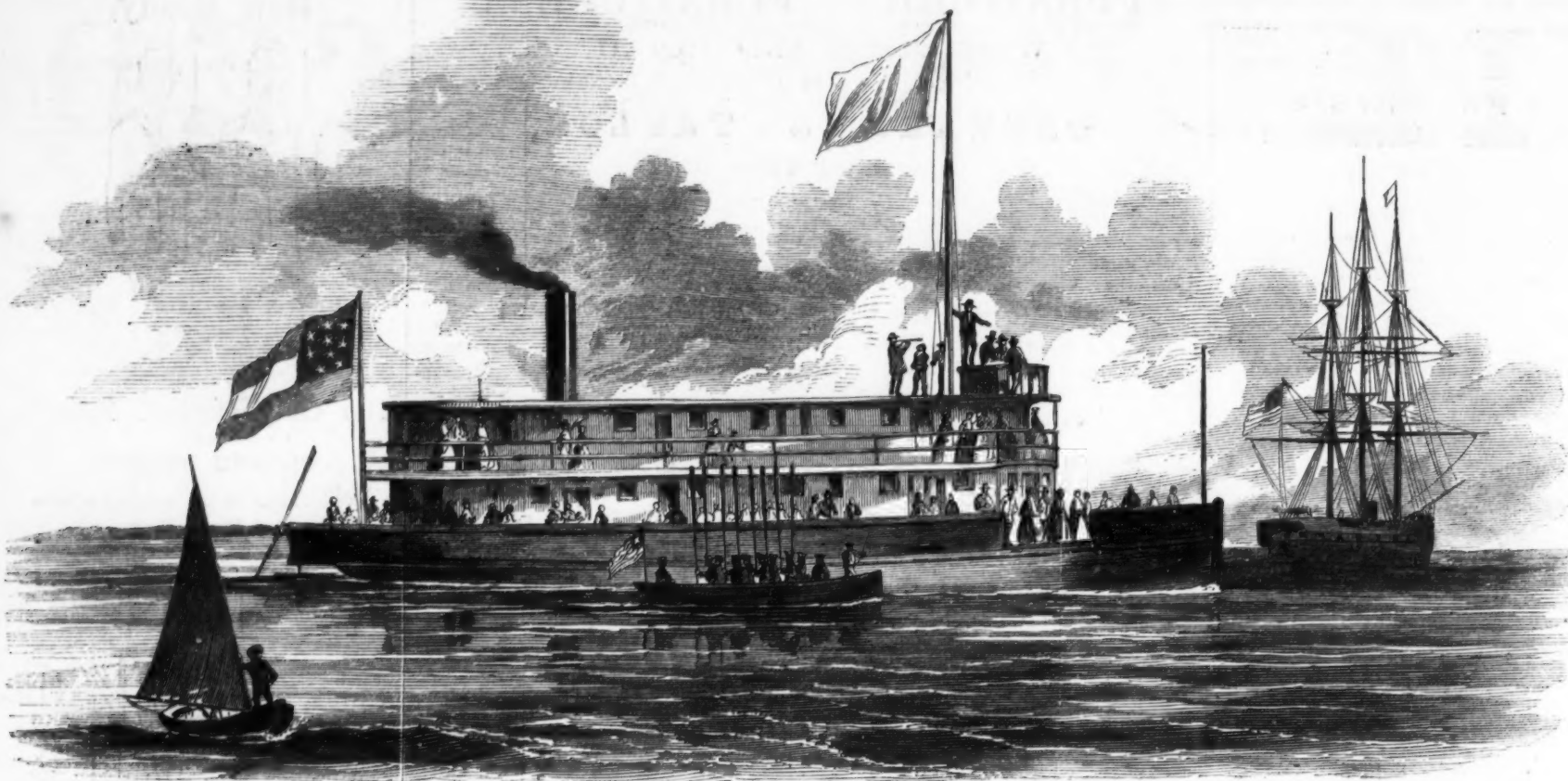
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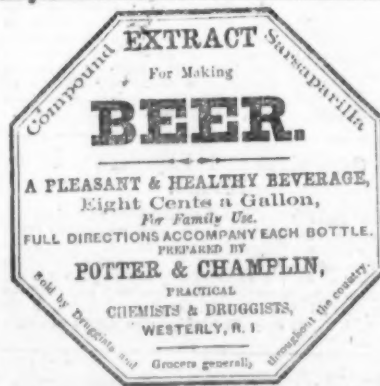
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